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FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE ON THE MIND.

AMONG the follies of the wise is the system which circumscribes the energies of the mind by the influence of climate. Though often confuted, it is still believed, for there are some whom no confutations can confute.

Denina, in a recent work (1790), enquires why polite literature has made so slow a progress in Germany. Do stoves, he asks, render the mind heavier than coal-fires? Does the beer of England occasion more vivacity than the beer of Germany? Is the atmosphere more dense in Germany than in Great Britain? This is a specimen of that critical system which has been carried to such excess.

It derives its modern rejuvenescence from the brilliant Montesquieu, who, ever hungering after novelties, discovered, in some of the ancients, a few fanciful conjectures on the influence of climate, and these he also extended to manners. Curious absurdities, not less eccentric, remain yet for some future Montes-

quieu to adopt. These slight conjectures he seized with avidity, amplified with ingenuity, decorated by the graces of fancy, and divulged with the triumphant air of a modern discovery.

Baillet, who wrote at the close of the sixteenth century, without Montesquieu's fancy, was well acquainted with this extravagant notion. Hence, perhaps, did Montesquieu, with some kindred geniuses, derive the hint. In a book on national prejudices, Baillet quotes Hippocrates, Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, and others, who conceived that the temperature of the air contributes something to the dispositions of the mind. Long before Montesquieu, Milton expressed this prejudice; but Spenser, that child of fancy, had on this subject a sounder philosophy than Milton. In his View of the State of Ireland, composed in the dialogue manner, one of the speakers conceives that the barbarity of that country proceeds from the very *genius* of the *soil*, or *influence* of the *stars*. But

he is justly reprimanded by the other, in the following philosophical and pleasing expressions: "Surely, I suppose this but a vain conceit of *simple men*, which *judge things* by their *effects*, and not by their *causes*; for I would rather think the cause of this evil, which hangeth upon that country, to proceed rather of the unsoundness of the counsels, and plots which you say have been oftentimes laid for the reformation, or of faintness in following and affecting the same, than of any such fatal course appointed of God, as you misdeem; but *it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen in any absurdity, or their actions succeed not as they would, they are always ready to impute the blame thereof unto the heavens, so to excuse their own follies and imperfections.*" The admirable Spenser is another instance to prove that an exquisite imagination may be combined with the soundest intellect; and it is now, perhaps, the first time that Spenser the poet has been quoted as Spenser the philosopher.

Chardin, Fontenelle, Du Bos, and others adopted this notion. But what the reasoning of Chardin, the wit of Fontenelle, and the ingenuity of Du Bos failed to establish, was fixed by the seductive eloquence of Montesquieu. His brilliant strokes dazzled the eyes of Europe, and he iced with additional frost the heart of many a literary Russian and Dane. Thus some follies are hereditary among writers, and one generation perpetuates or revives the dreams of another.

It was his art of composition that gave to Montesquieu the power of disguising an exploded theory. Who can resist such poignant epigrams as these, allowing lively epigrams to be conclusive arguments? "The empire of climate is the first of all empires." "As we distinguish climates by degrees of latitude, we might distinguish them, thus to express myself, by degrees of sensibility." "In those countries, instead of precepts, we must have padlocks." Such is his witty system, which per-

haps was first conceived with a smile, but conducted with ingenious gravity.

When the *Spirit of Laws* was first published, every literary sentinel did not silently admit the enemy of intellectual freedom, nor was every genius astounded by the sparkles of wit. The alarm was given. This paradox kindled the philosophic indignation of Gray, and inspired his exquisite muse to commence a poem of considerable magnitude, to combat a position so fatal to intellectual exertion. Churchill rebelled against such fetters. Genius, says he, *may hereafter e'en in Holland rise*. Armstrong inveighed against this system; but it was Hume who first, with solid arguments, crushed the brilliant epigrams of Montesquieu.

Filangieri, who united knowledge with genius, marches between these system-mongers and their adversaries, by attempting to show that climate influences the mind as a relative, not as an absolute cause, and that the difference is not perceptible in temperate climates. One of his reveries is that of drying marshes and felling woods to change the character of a people. The Italian thus adopts gravely Addison's jest, who tells us, that "a famous university was formerly very much infested with *funs*; but whether this might not arise from the *fens* and *marshes* by which it was surrounded, and which are now *drained*, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists."

As France is a very extensive country, and has great variety of climate, it offered ample scope for these systematizers to verify their favourite theory, by tracing the effects of climate through its various districts. The inhabitants of cold Picardy were thought to be eminent for their indefatigable industry, and their writers for laborious erudition. But here, moral are mistaken for physical effects. Baillet remarks, concerning Picardy, that the industry of its writers is owing to the havoc of war, which, having injured

the fortunes of the natives, induced them rather to apply to useful than to agreeable studies to better their condition. Normandy, having great inequality of climate, was supposed to occasion a similar inequality in its authors; and Auvergne, having high hills and deep vallies, was conjectured to produce both men of great genius and great dulness; for those born on the mountains were said to have more delicate organs, and a more ætherial spirit than the gross and ponderous students of the vallies.

By some of these theorists Britain has been considered as a Beotia. Profound disquisitions and sarcastic exultations have appeared concerning this foggy isle; but the same fogs remain, while the finest compositions now enrich its language. England exhibits models of the purest taste to literary Europe; but moral causes long impeded the progress of English taste, and gave rise to the opinions of Du Bos, Montesquieu, and Winckleman, who affirmed that England could have no genius for the fine arts, because the sensibility of taste was obstructed by a noxious atmosphere.

Winckleman's notion concerning Milton is curious. He tells us, that all the descriptions in *Paradise Lost*, except the amorous and delicate scenes of the primeval pair, are like well-painted gorgons, which resemble each other, but are always frightful; and this he attributes to the climate. But what is by him thought monstrous, a true critic will conceive to be the terrible graces of a sublime poesy. As the subject is peculiar, and of the most elevated nature, so it found in Milton a genius as peculiar, and faculties the most elevated. If the English muse has surpassed her sisters in stature, she yields not in the more delicate and sweeter circumstances of her art. Of late she has excelled in picturesque description; the most pleasing paintings of nature variegate the verse of Thomson, who was born more northerly than Milton. Gold-

smith has cultivated the same powers, and they have proved so attractive to the public taste, that English verse can now exhibit some of the most enchanting and most vivid scenery in poetry. The muse was considered to be under "*skiey influence*;" but whenever national impediments are removed, and time in every polished nation removes them, such nation will not fail in equalling the efforts of those who have been placed in happier circumstances.

Some writers yield up their own experience to this favourite theory. Spence accounts for the turgidity of Lucan on these principles. He says, "The swellings in his poem may be partly accounted for, perhaps, from his being *born in Spain*, and in that part of it which was *farthest removed* from Greece and Rome." But the following instance will parallel any literary extravagance. When Dyer gave his *Fleece* to the world, he apologized for the defects of the poem, by saying, that "It was published under some *disadvantages*, for many of its *faults* must be imputed to the *air of a fenny country*, where I have been for the most part above these five years." Warburton, in his *Enquiry into the Prodigies of Historians*, alluding to the success of the French in translating the ancients, imagines that the little emulation of his own countrymen in this department of literature may be attributed to the *coldness* of their *climate*. These are his words: "The Frenchman, vigorous and enterprising, is ambitious of possession; while we, with a false *modesty* and *coldness*, natural from our *climate*, content ourselves with a distant admiration."

From this it would appear, that Britain has of late become *much warmer*, and therefore *less modest*; since its natives have enriched their language with some versions of the classics, which vie with the originals. Such criticisms remind me of a couplet of De Foe, whose good sense appears also to have wander-



ed wildly into these fancies. In one of his political poems, he says of his hero William :

Batavian climates nourished him awhile,  
Too great a *genius* for so *damp* a soil.

Even Milton credited this prejudice. He tells us that he intends to write an epic "out of our own ancient stories ; if there be nothing *adverse* in our *climate*, or the fate of this age." When he was near the close of his immortal labour, he adorns these notions by the charms of his verse, and lays a peculiar stress on the word *cold* :

Higher argument  
Remains, sufficient of itself to raise  
That name, unless an age too late, or  
*cold*  
*Climate*, or years, damp my intended  
wing.

Even Young, in *The Merchant*, complains, that "his poetic vein runs slow in this cold climate."

This notion was indeed so prevalent in those days, that Descartes feared the warmth of the climate in France would too much exalt his imagination, and disturb that temperate state of the mind necessary for philosophical discoveries. He therefore took refuge from the sun in Holland. All the frost of the northern climates could never render his burning imagination tepid ; the visionary would have dreamt on a pillow of snow.

On such foundations rests the brilliant edifice which Montesquieu did not construct, but only adorned. Every error of this kind puts an additional fetter on the mind, and half the wisdom of man now consists in destroying shackles of his own making.

Aristotle observes, that the northern nations, and generally all Europe, are naturally courageous and robust, but are improper for mental exertion; without powers for meditation, and without industry for the arts ; on the contrary, the Asiatics

have great talents for works of genius, are inclined to reasoning and meditation, and skilful in the invention and improvement of arts. The reverse of all this, in the present age, is the truth. Aristotle drew his representations from the existing scene ; but had he reflected on the power which the *customs* and *government* of a people have over them, he had then perceived that, not the frost and snows of the north made men addict themselves to war, but that predatory genius which must ever prevail among a people poor and ignorant. When civilization had taken place, and the severities of climate were mitigated by the influence of arts and sciences ; when the descendants of these men employed their shipping in commerce as well as in war ; when their iron was employed to turn up the soil ; when in their cities universities were erected, academies instituted, and the peaceful occupations of genius cherished ; then, with the same climate, the national character was changed. Heroic and polished Greece and Rome are now barbarous and servile ; and the gravity and superstition of the Spaniard, the politic and assassinating spirit of the Italian, the diligence and suppleness of the Scot, and the warmth and penetration of the Englishman, are derived from manners and government.

It was once enquired why Paris and Toulouse produced so many eminent lawyers. It was long attributed to the climate ; till some reasonable being discovered, that the universities of those cities offered *opportunities* and *encouragements* for that *study* which others did not.

The Germans have long been a calumniated nation. A taste for science and learning having been diffused among that industrious people, they were constantly aspersed by their lively neighbours for inveterate dulness and steril fancies. The eminent success of the French placed the frightened genius of



that nation in a voluntary seclusion; of late, awakened from their stupor, they have produced some spirited and affecting works of imagination, which can fear no rivals.

It is with nations as with individuals, and with individuals as with nations. The human mind is indeed influenced not by climate, but by government; not by soils, but by customs; not by heat and cold, but by servitude and freedom. A happy education, elegant leisure, and a passion for glory, must form a great man; as an excellent government, orderly liberty, and popular felicity, must form a great people. But for these purposes, numerous conjunctures must succeed each other, which, in the state of human affairs, can be but rare. No system of education for the individual, or system of government for the people, has been discovered which can satisfy the rational mind; a great people, like a great man, must therefore be a sort of prodigy. c.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON NOVELTY IN LITERATURE.

*ALL is said*, exclaims Bruyere; but his own example confutes the dreary sentence. A belief of the exhausted state of literature has been a very old popular prejudice. A silly saying of a wise ancient, who, even in his day, laments, that *of books there is no end*, has been copied by great authors, who, however, cannot be deemed very accurate observers.

This opinion serves for an apology to the idle and a consolation to the disappointed; but it is to be lamented that it damps the ardour of the ingenious. Had not genius felt itself superior to this whimsy, the world had wanted nearly all its valued compositions.

He who critically examines any branch of literature finds little original invention, even in the most ex-

cellent works. To add a little to his predecessors satisfies the ambition of the first of writers. The popular notion of literary novelty is full of error. Of these unreflecting readers, many are yet to learn that their admired originals are not such as they take them to be, either in the whole design or in the parts. Of the thoughts of the most admired compositions, some readers are yet to be instructed that they are not wonderful discoveries, but only truths felt by themselves, before the ingenuity of the author had, by a train of intermediate and accessory links, unfolded that confused sentiment, which those experience who are not accustomed to think with accuracy.

Novelty, in a strict sense, will not be found in any judicious work. I am not, therefore, surprised at a literary incident which happened to a friend of mine, who, to amuse a temporary retirement, took with him seven epic poems, and compared them with each other. The result was, that he found out how much each had been indebted to its predecessors. The same incidents were transplanted, and the same characters assumed new names; but every poet had his peculiar colouring and disposition, and had created while he imitated. Prior, in his preface to his *Solomon*, with some exultation points out the imitations of the epic poets.

Voltaire, who, as a critic, is of great authority, looked on every thing as imitation. He thought that most original writers borrowed from one another. He says that the instruction gathered from books is like fire; we fetch it from our neighbours, kindle it at home, and communicate it to others, till it becomes the property of all. He traces some of the finest compositions to the fountain head; and we wonder at perceiving that they have travelled in regular succession through China, India, Arabia, and Greece, to France and to England.

To the obscurity of time are the ancients much indebted for their

seeming originality. We know how frequently they accuse each other ; and to have borrowed freely from preceding writers was not thought criminal by such illustrious authors as Plato and Cicero. The *Æneid* has not only little invention in the incidents, for it unites the plan of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, but many of its passages are mere translations, and it is certainly very deficient in the variety of its characters.

The greatest opening or occasion for copying occurs when our models are in a foreign language. Though we term both Greek and Roman writers ancients, the latter was modern in comparison with the former, and lighting its own fuel with fire borrowed from the former, the spirit and fashion of imitation was boundless. We frequently lament the loss of many valuable Greek works, but how far they are really lost, how far they still exist disguised in the works of the Romans, is a problem impossible to solve. How much, for example, of the images and sentiments of the Greek lyric poets exists in Horace, who can tell ? That cannot be said to be entirely lost of which a translation remains.

Our own early writers have not more originality than modern genius may aspire to reach. To imitate and to rival the Italians and French formed their devotion.—Chaucer, Gower, and Gawin Douglas were all spirited imitators, and frequently only masterly translators. Spenser, the father of so many poets, is himself the child of the Ausonian muse. Skakespeare liberally honoured many writers by unsparing imitation ; he availed himself of their sentiments, their style, and their incidents. His Oberon was taken from a French romance, and his fairies are no more his own invention, than the sylphs are of Pope. Milton is incessantly borrowing from the poetry of his day. In *Comus* he preserved all the circumstances of model. *Paradise Lost* was suggested by a mystery, and many of its most striking passages

are taken from other poets. Tasso opened for him the Tartarean gulph. The bridge over chaos may be found in Sadi, who borrowed it from the Turkish theology ; the paradise of fools is a wild flower, or rather gaudy weed, transplanted from the wilderness of Ariosto. Jonson was the servile slave of his ancient masters ; and the rich poetry of Gray is a wonderful tissue, woven on the frames, and with the golden threads of others. To Cervantes we owe Butler ; and the united abilities of three great wits, in their *Martinus Scriblerus*, could find no other mode of conveying their powers but by imitating at once Don Quixote and monsieur Oufle. Pope, like Boileau, had all the ancients and moderns in pay. Theirs were not the pillage of a bandit, but the taxes of a monarch. Swift is much indebted for the plan of his *Travels* of Gulliver, to the *Voyages* of Cyrano de Bergerac to the Sun and Moon ; a writer, who, without the acuteness of Swift, has wilder flashes of fancy. We find many of his strokes in bishop Godwin's *Man in the Moon*, who, in his turn, borrowed without scruple from Cyrano. The *Tale of a Tub* is an imitation of originals, too numerous here to mention. Dr. Ferriar's *Essay on the Imitations of Sterne* might be easily augmented. Such are the writers, however, who imitate, but are inimitable !

Montaigne, with honest frankness, compares his writings to a thread that binds the flowers of others ; and that by incessantly pouring the waters of a few good old authors into his sieve, some drops fall upon his paper. The good old man relates a stratagem of his own, which consisted of inserting whole sentences from the ancients, without acknowledgment, that he might laugh at critics giving *Nazardes* to Seneca and Plutarch, while they imagined they tweaked his nose. Petrarch, who is not the inventor of that tender poetry of which he is now the model, and Boccaccio, the father of Italian novels, have alike pro-

fited by the study of writers now only read by those who have more curiosity than taste; to the minstrels was the Italian tale-teller indebted for many of his plots. Boiardo imitated Pulci, and Ariosto Boiardo. The madness of Orlando, though its extravagance gives it a very original air, is only copied from sir Launcelot in the old romance of Mort Arthur, with which it agrees in every leading circumstance; and what is the Cardenio of Cervantes but the Orlando of Ariosto? Tasso imitates the Iliad, and enriches his poem with episodes from the Æneid. Even Dante, wild and original as he appears, when he meets Virgil in the shades, warmly expresses his gratitude for the many fine passages for which he was indebted to his works, on which he says he had *long meditated*. Moliere and La Fontaine are thought to possess as much originality as any French writer; yet the learned Menage calls Moliere *un grand et habile piqueur*; and Boileau tells us, that La Fontaine borrowed his style and matter from Marot and Rabelais, and took his topics from Boccaccio, Poggio, and Ariosto. Nor was the eccentric Rabelais inventor of his own burlesque. He closely imitates Folengo, the inventor of the macaronic poetry, and not a little indebted to the old *Facezie* of the Italians. Indeed Marot, Villon, as well as those we have noticed, profited by authors prior to Francis I. Bruyere incorporates whole passages of Publius Syrus in his work. To the Turkish Spy was Montesquieu beholden for his Persian Letters, and a numerous croud are indebted to Montesquieu. Corneille made a liberal use of Spanish literature; and the pure waters of Racine flowed from the fountains of Sophocles and Euripides.

Is there then no literary novelty? Denina's work on the Revolutions of Literature is built on the notion, that there being a great uniformity in nature, when the perfection of those arts which express the passions is acquired, nature becomes

exhausted; and that, at this period, success in poetry or eloquence requires us either to extend nature or create new passions, which are alike impossible. If this be true, literary novelty would, in our present state of refinement, be impossible.

What is a new thought? It is not, says Boileau, as the ignorant imagine: a thought which no one before ever conceived, or could have possibly conceived. On the contrary, it is a thought that might have occurred to any one, but that somebody has first expressed: it is what every one *thinks*, but is said in a new and lively *manner*. Pope, no doubt, borrowed his definition of wit, or genius, from this source:

What oft was *thought*, but ne'er so well  
*express'd*.

It is, perhaps, with writing as with shooting; the art consists in the *aim* of the sportsman, but the objects are always the same. Good sense has been so in all ages, says Pope, who, perhaps, had more good sense than any other poet. When we analyse the most striking passages of our most original writers, we find in the naked idea nothing uncommon. The finest thoughts derive their beauty from the glow and colouring of imagination. A critic, once examined and compared the natural sentiments of two dialogues of vulgar courtship, in the Exmoor dialect, with congenial and similar ideas in poetical language, and found that the ground-work was always the same; that all men think alike, but express themselves very differently.

The most forcible passages of Shakespeare are only delightful or energetic expressions of our own feelings. Great writers must, therefore, bear affinity with each other; and will eagerly adopt the images, the sentiments, and the very expressions of a kindred genius. We may thus account for similar passages in different works, though no connection existed between the writers. Hence sometimes an English reader finds in Corneille an expres-



sion which he exclaims is worthy of Shakespeare; and a Frenchman discovers in Shakespeare a sentiment which equals the eloquence of Corneille.

Do we not observe the most essential truths on the most interesting topics enfeebled, and even rendered disgusting, by the terms in which they are conveyed? And do we not sometimes admire the most trivial objects when they are touched with all the felicity of words? It is the use made of this instrument, which bestows novelty on the most familiar and delight on the most arid topics.

The French and Italians have a kind of writing almost peculiar to themselves. It is called by the former, *rajeunissement*, and by the latter *refaccimento*. This is nothing but a rejuvenescence of their ancient authors, such as are the versions, by Dryden and Pope, of some of Chaucer's Tales, and of Donne's Satires. Every one is not equally successful in this employment; and writers who possess a happy style display in these works its full force; they give, by master-touches, all the pleasure the originals once gave. In the hands of inferior writers, the same thoughts have been as faithfully but not as attractively repeated. Several works of importance might be noticed, which cannot be viewed in their original dress; but since they have been re-written by men of genius, every one peruses them. *Manner* or style is the first acquirement of genius; it renders a sonnet more precious than a long poem, and has made some authors more celebrated for ten pages, than others who in vain have written ten volumes.

Observe in two of the most popular French writers a great contrast of manner: Voltaire is a wit, and takes us by surprise; Rousseau is an orator, and insinuates his soul into our own; one points his polished epigrams, and the other steals on us with pathetic sentiments; our fancy is the aim of Voltaire, but we yield our heart to Rousseau. It is this manner which enchants in Addison,

pleases in Melmoth, and soothes in Hawkesworth; which sparkles in the brilliant periods of Shaftesbury, rises into majesty in the grand tones of Bolingbroke, and awes in the solemn cadences of Johnson.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

A STUDENT'S JOURNAL.

*Sunday evening, nine o'clock.*—I have too long delayed to set myself seriously to my studies. I am determined to begin *to-morrow*, betimes: So I'll go to bed earlier this evening than usual. I am resolved—but I'll stop here and go to bed immediately, and that I may rise betimes, will leave my shutters open.

*Monday, nine o'clock.* Just opened my eyes. I opened a shutter, but forgetting to fasten it, it blew to: so did not know it was day, till the sun was two hours high.

*Tuesday, nine o'clock.* Just rose; went to bed so late that I could not wake sooner. At breakfast, Wetherby bolted in, equipped for shooting. Persuaded me to go along. Want a little exercise, and the weather so fine, I believe I will go this once.

*Wednesday, nine o'clock.* Out a shooting all day yesterday. Brought home a few plover. Dick stayed to sup with me upon them. Too tired even to write. Mem. Shall avoid Dick for the future.

*Four o'clock.* At the office. Went over the case I last read in Burrow. Scarcely through it, when Harry Settle came in. Brought Colman's last play. Staid prating till dinner time. After dinner, ran over the play. Just finished it. Too late to go to the office this afternoon. Mused a good deal upon miss T— Whether to meet her at Hill's this evening, to visit Sally, or stay at home and read Bacon—that's the question.

*Twelve o'clock.* At Hill's. A brilliant company. Miss T—

most charming creature. Rallied her on her engagement. She denied it. She returns home shortly. An eastern tour must be very agreeable. Her engagement, I doubt, is all fudge. Found, at home, a note from Sally. Too sleepy to read it to-night.

*Thursday, nine o'clock.* Rose half an hour ago. Breakfasted. Put Sally's note in my pocket, intending to read it at the office.

*Three o'clock.* Leaving home, met Mrs. Wilson on a visit to Kitty. She knows something of miss T—. Returned with her into the house. Told my sister that miss T— would be married in August; all fixed.

*Ten o'clock.* Just breakfasted. Toby knocked over the coffee-pot. Was obliged to wait till fresh was made.

*Half after eleven.* Called at John's to be shaved. Met Dick Wetherby there. Dick proposed a shooting match to-morrow. Refused, for I am resolved to be more studious. Took up the Sporting Magazine. Head-ache hangs about me. Took a short walk with Dick to shake it off.

*One o'clock.* At the office a little before twelve. Opened Burrows. Just beginning a case when Sally Phillips walked by. Looked over as if she expected me to join her. Did so. Left her as soon as possible at Mrs. Craig's door. Hastened back, finished the case, and made a note of it in common-place book.

*Three o'clock.* Home at one. Papa going to Baltimore, appointed dinner early, but did not come home till two. Prevented by business from going this week. Just dined. An invitation to tea at Mrs. Craig's. Pressed to come early. Miss T— of Boston to be there. Had resolved to spend my evenings in study, but wanted to see miss T—. Will go for this once.

*Five o'clock.* At the office by half after three. Applied to Burrows, but surprised by a nap in the second paragraph. Obligated to walk to shake off my drowsy fit.

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*Twelve o'clock.* From five till now dressing, and at Mrs. Craig's. Sally there. Did not look as well as usual. Miss T— a very fine girl. Sally piqued with my attentions to her. Rode home with her, but she refused her hand and was mute all the way. Wonder if 'tis true that Miss T— is engaged. She's engaged at Hill's on Wednesday evening. Went to my room to read Sally's note. A scolding one, demanding an explanatory visit. Went to her. Pretty hard to prevail on her to make up. Sally is a sweet, tender creature for all. Could not leave her till past two.

*Three o'clock.* Going to the office. Met Beau Williams. He was going to see, and walk with Sally. In pity to her, but much against his inclination, went along with him. Williams, to spite me, staid tea, and would not budge till ten o'clock. Was determined to out-stay him. It was two o'clock before my girl and I could part. I wonder I could forget her for a moment; yet I wish she could talk a little like miss T—. Sally has no taste but for dress and gossiping: but she'll improve. She promises to be all I wish. Am to leave Colman's play with her this morning. Plaguy wakeful, though so late. I wish I had staid with her till morning. I wish people could marry when they liked. Mamma says we are too young, and must make myself a lawyer first. Nature says, "Now's the time," and I should study, I'm sure, much better afterwards. Coke, and Bacon, and Burrows are confounded dull work at present. Can't sleep for a moment. I'll write a few lines to Sally, and put it in the book.

*Friday, two o'clock.* At the office betimes this morning. Left the play with Sally on my way hither. Opened Bacon at *Jeo fail*. Unluckily found a piece of white paper at the place, and instead of taking notes, scribbled a stanza or two to Sally. Spent till dinner time in chusing between Cynthia, Lindamira, and Eudora. I'll defer heading it, till I hear her opinion. I've

heard her say she would like to have been called *Clara*, but Clara won't do for verse.

*Six o'clock.* At the office. Weatherby wanted me to try his new gig, but I was resolved to attend to my studies. Not sufficiently grounded, I find, to read Bacon. Will begin Blackstone's third volume to-morrow. Transcribed and corrected my verses. *Lindamira* best upon the whole. Looked into Ainsworth for its etymology. On reflection, Mira is very pretty also: but I'll submit it to Sally.

*Twelve o'clock.* Plaguily mortified to night. Sally had not opened the play; of course had not seen my billet, when I called upon her. Had a head-ache, it seems, which reading always increases; and deferred it till we could read it together. I proposed reading it, but the bewitching girl said she had rather be kissed, than read to, by *somebody*. Sally does not love books, but she loves me, and that makes up for every thing. With her in my arms, time will never hang heavy. Plagued all the evening by visitants. A little more sense in Sally would not be amiss. But she's very young; has had few advantages. *I'll* make something of her yet. She has some judgment too, for she declares warmly for *Lindamira*. Was obliged to leave her at eleven. Met Bob and Sam Walters. Teazed me to go to Sales; but virtue and Sally forbad. Mem. To ask mamma for some money. Quite out this morning.

*Eleven o'clock.* At the office, this morning, at ten. Hardly worth while to begin Blackstone at the end of a week. Start fair and fresh on Monday morning, and stick to it faithfully. I'm resolved on this.

Ruminating a neglected pigeon-hole for a precedent (by direction) lighted on a *narr.* in Latin Sapphics. An excellent joke! Tried my hand at a ballad; each stanza ending in *certiorari* and *mandamus*. Finished three stanzas by dinner time. Company to dinner. A short walk, and tea with Sally. A charming moonlight walk. Got to Schuylkill be-

fore we were aware. Returned home at eleven, and sat at the door till twelve. After all, there is nothing worth living for but love—and Sally. This law is plaguy harsh, crabbed reading: but then Sally is behind this thorny fence. I must leap it to get at her: and so leap it I will!—

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### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE CHARACTER OF ATTICUS.

I HAVE always had a notion that the most perfect character on record is Pomponius Atticus. This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty, by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side: and while he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himself one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he still maintained the same conduct. After the death of Cæsar, he sent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to Antony's wife and friends, when that party seemed ruined. Lastly, even in that bloody war between Antony and Augustus, Atticus still kept his place in both their friendships; insomuch that the first, says Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was absent from Rome in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing, what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

So far as we can judge from his conduct, he was a sage in *practice*, while most of his illustrious friends were such only in *speculation*. He seems to have seen the bearings and tendencies of the great political currents of his time, with more accu-



racy than all others. Unlike the restless patriots of his age, he seems to have rightly estimated his own powers of doing good and the capacity of his countrymen to receive it, and to have regulated his conduct accordingly. In fine, no man could be placed in more arduous circumstances, and none ever performed his part with more true wisdom and sagacity. x.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

SCHOELLENEN AND URSEREN  
VALE DESCRIBED.

*From Sansom's American Letters.*

WE now applied ourselves to ascend the barren valley of Schoellenen, insensible of fatigue, engrossed as we were by the stupendous objects with which we were surrounded; every now and then encountering straggling parties of disbanded soldiers, returning from Italy, and shivering with cold, while we were sweltering with heat. The poor fellows were only three days from Milan, where they told us it was too hot to stir in the day time, or to sleep at night, as we sometimes have it in America, when the wind is from the south.

Now and then a capuchin friar, with his beard and sandals, gave local interest to the alpine scenery.

After winding about for some hours round perpendicular rocks, which seemed to have been cleft asunder on purpose to form the tortuous passage, strong puffs of wind, accompanied with spray, warned us, before we could see it, of our approach to the foaming cataract, over which has been thrown an aerial arch called the devil's bridge.

This tremendous pass was obstinately disputed by the French, when general Suwarrow entered Switzerland, at the head of 20,000 men. A small body of French troops, retreating before superior force, had destroyed the bridge behind them, and they continued to defend the

yawning gulph, against the murderous fire of the invaders, until a few planks, slightly fastened together with the officers' scarfs, were thrown across the breach, and the dauntless corps, the greatest part of which had by this time fallen into the precipice they defended, was overpowered by numbers, rushing desperately over the frightful chasm, the crevices of which were heaped with the bodies of the slain.

The object of Suwarrow was to form a junction with the Russian and Austrian forces, then encamped in the neighbourhood of Zurich. But they had been defeated by Massena, at the critical juncture, and the Russian veteran was fain to throw his artillery into the lakes, and effect his retreat, across ridges, till then deemed impassable by any thing but goats.

After crossing the bridge, this singular road enters a subterraneous passage, which has been cut several hundred feet through the solid rock; from whose midnight darkness you suddenly emerge upon broad daylight, in the valley of Urseren; an opening scene of pastoral tranquility, in which at a little distance appears the village of Andermat, sheltered by a ridge of firs, the only trees that will grow in so elevated and confined a situation.

The vale of Urseren is 4000 feet above the level of the sea, and it is probably the highest spot in the world, inhabited by twelve hundred people. They would be totally separated from the rest of mankind, if it was not for the winding mule-path, which has here crossed the Alps ever since the days of Julius Cæsar, who is said to have first surmounted the stupendous barrier.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE DRESS OF A BEAU IN THE  
TIME OF HENRY IV.

HE wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver

chains; a stocking of one colour on one leg, and one of a different colour on the other; short close breeches, that reached but half way down his thigh; a coat, one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard; a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of men and animals, and sometimes ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### VACCINE INOCULATION.

IN consequence of the misrepresentations of the result of certain cases of vaccine inoculation, and of the malicious industry which has been exerted to circulate those misrepresentations, a committee of twenty-five active and intelligent members of the Royal Jennerian Society was appointed to enquire into their validity, and they have made their report in the following terms:

"The medical council of the Royal Jennerian Society, having been informed that various cases had occurred, which excited prejudices against vaccine inoculation, and tended to check the progress of that important discovery in this kingdom, appointed a committee of twenty-five of their members to inquire, not only into the nature and truth of such cases, but also into the evidence respecting instances of small-pox, alleged to have occurred twice in the same person.

"In consequence of this reference, the committee made diligent inquiry into the history of a number of cases, in which it was supposed that vaccination had failed to prevent the small-pox, and also of such cases of small-pox as were stated to have happened subsequently to the natural or inoculated small-pox.

"In the course of their examination, the committee learned that opinions and assertions had been advanced and circulated, which charg-

ed the cow-pox with rendering patients liable to particular diseases, frightful in their appearance, and hitherto unknown; and judging such opinions to be connected with the question as to the efficacy of the practice, they thought it incumbent upon them to examine also into the validity of these injurious statements respecting vaccination.

"After a very minute investigation of these subjects, the result of their inquiries has been submitted to the medical council; and from the report of the committee it appears:

I. "That most of the cases which have been urged in proof of the inefficacy of vaccination, and which have been the subjects of public attention and conversation, are either wholly unfounded, or grossly misrepresented.

II. "That other cases, brought forward as instances of the failure of vaccination to prevent the small-pox, are now allowed, by the very persons who first related them, to have been erroneously stated.

III. "That the statements of the greater part of those cases have been already carefully investigated, ably discussed, and fully refuted, by different writers on the subject.

IV. "That notwithstanding the most incontestible proofs of such misrepresentations, a few medical men have persisted in repeatedly bringing the same unfounded and refuted reports and misrepresentations before the public, thus perversely and disingenuously labouring to excite prejudices against vaccination.

V. "That in some printed accounts adverse to vaccination, in which the writers had no authenticated facts to support the opinions they advanced, nor any reasonable arguments to maintain them, the subject has been treated with indecent and disgusting levity; as if the good or evil of society were fit objects for sarcasm and ridicule.

VI. "That when the practice of vaccination was first introduced and recommended by Dr. Jenner, many

persons, who had never seen the effects of the vaccine fluid on the human system, who were almost wholly unacquainted with the history of vaccination, the characteristic marks of the genuine vesicle, and the cautions necessary to be observed in the management of it, and were therefore incompetent to decide whether patients were properly vaccinated or not, nevertheless ventured to inoculate for the cow-pox.

VII. "That many persons have been declared duly vaccinated, when the operation was performed in a very negligent and unskilful manner, and when the inoculator did not afterwards see the patients, and therefore could not ascertain whether infection had taken place or not; and that to this cause are certainly to be attributed many of the cases adduced in proof of the inefficacy of cow-pox.

VIII. "That some cases have been brought before the committee, on which they could form no decisive opinion, from the want of necessary information as to the regularity of the preceding vaccination, or the reality of the subsequent appearance of the small-pox.

IX. "That it is admitted by the committee, that a few cases have been brought before them, of persons having the small-pox, who had apparently passed through the cow-pox in a regular way.

X. "That cases, supported by evidence equally strong, have been also brought before them, of persons who, after having once regularly passed through the small-pox, either by inoculation or natural infection, have had that disease a second time.

XI. "That in many cases, in which the small-pox has occurred a second time, after inoculation or the natural disease, such recurrence has been particularly severe, and often fatal; whereas, when it has appeared after vaccination, the disease has generally been so mild, as to lose some of its characteristic marks, and in many instances to render its existence doubtful.

XII. "That it is a fact well ascertained, that in some particular states of certain constitutions, whether vaccine or variolous matter be employed, a local disease only will be excited by inoculation, the constitution remaining unaffected; yet that matter taken from such local vaccine or variolous pustule is capable of producing a general and perfect disease.

XIII. "That if a person, bearing the strongest and most indubitable marks of having had the small-pox, be repeatedly inoculated for that disease, a pustule may be produced, the matter of which will communicate the disease to those who have not been previously infected.

XIV. "That, although it is difficult to determine precisely the number of exceptions to the practice, the medical council are fully convinced, that the failure of vaccination, as a preventive of the small-pox, is a very rare occurrence.

XV. "That of the immense number who have been vaccinated in the army and navy, in different parts of the united kingdom, and in every quarter of the globe, scarcely any instances of such failure have been reported to the committee, but those which are said to have occurred in the metropolis, or its vicinity.

XVI. "That the medical council are fully assured, that, in very many places in which the small-pox raged with great violence, the disease has been speedily and effectually arrested in its progress, and in some populous cities almost wholly exterminated by the practice of vaccination.

XVII. "That the practice of inoculation for the small-pox, on its first introduction into this country, was opposed and very much retarded, in consequence of misrepresentations and arguments drawn from assumed facts, and of miscarriages arising from the want of correct information, similar to those now brought forward against vaccination, so that nearly fifty years elapsed before small-pox inoculation was fully established.



XVIII. "That, by a reference to the bills of mortality, it will appear that, to the unfortunate neglect of vaccination, and to the prejudices raised against it, we may, in a great measure, attribute the loss of nearly two thousand lives by the small-pox, in this metropolis alone, within the present year.

XIX. "That the few instances of failure, either in the inoculation of the cow-pox, or of the small-pox, ought not to be considered as objections to either practice, but merely as deviations from the ordinary course of nature.

XX. "That, from all the facts which they have been able to collect, it appears to the medical council, that the cow-pox is generally mild and harmless in its effects; and no instance has come to their knowledge, in which there was reason to admit that vaccine inoculation had, of itself, produced any new or dangerous disease, as has been ignorantly and unwarrantably asserted; but that the few cases which have been alleged against this opinion, may be fairly attributed to other causes.

XXI. "That if a comparison be made between the effects of vaccination, and those of inoculation for the small-pox, it would be necessary to take into account the greater number of persons who have been vaccinated within a given time, it being probable that within the last seven years, nearly as many persons have been inoculated for the cow-pox, as were ever inoculated for the small-pox, since the practice was introduced into this kingdom.

XXII. "That many well-known cutaneous diseases, and some scrophulous complaints, have been represented as the effects of vaccine inoculation, when in fact they originated from other causes, and in many instances occurred long after vaccination; but that such diseases are infinitely less frequent after vaccination, than after either the natural or inoculated small-pox."

*For the Literary Magazine.*

### THREE KINDS OF DRUNKENNESS.

#### *An Original Anecdote.*

AT one of the Edinburgh medical societies, which are principally composed of students, they debated once more an old question, whether *opium* is a stimulant? Much sophistry and much ingenuity were displayed as usual by several juvenile orators, but without arriving much nearer the truth than they were before. The question was several times new modelled in the course of discussion; at length it was asked, are there not *specific stimulants*? do all act in the same manner? has *wine*, for example, the same effect upon the human body as spirits, Peruvian bark, &c.? A student, fonder of good wine than of the abstruse study of physic, was *stimulated* with the very name of wine, though he was silent all the evening before. "Difference!" said he; "ay that there is, a vast deal of difference in stimulants; ay, even in different kinds of spirituous liquors. Now I cannot, *at present*, talk to you about *irritability*, and *nervous fluid*, and all that kind of learned stuff, for I have not time for 't; but I'll give you my notion about the matter in the form of a story. Suppose I meet a man in the street when I am drunk with rum, [Heaven forbid, though, that ever I should be drunk, especially with *rum*!]; the rum makes me *angry*, and, for little or no reason, I knock him down. Next day I meet him when I am intoxicated with wine. Now mark the difference. I now feel *generous*, but I am not *afraid* of him; I humbly ask his pardon, and offer to make him any atonement in my power. 'Tis a great luxury, Mr. president, to ask pardon of the man you have injured, when he is incapable of injuring you. But suppose I do not meet this man till the day after, when I am drunk with *strong beer*; would I ask his pardon then, d'ye

think? No; I would pass him muttering, 'I'll be d—d if I care a farthing about it!' Yes, sir, I know I should, for strong beer makes us careless, heavy, and *indifferent*. This is all I had to say, gentlemen, and I believe I might have said it in half a dozen words; for it amounts to no more than this, that *rum* makes us *irascible*, *beer indifferent*; but *wine generous*; therefore we ought to prefer wine to all other kinds of drink: they say *wine opens the heart*; but if we take care to keep *good hearts* in our bosoms, there is no danger in drinking good wine."

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

ON THE HISTORY OF DR. JOHNSON'S CHILDHOOD, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

DR. JOHNSON, more than any other eminent man, has been fated to suffer from the impertinence of biographers and collectors. A few days before his death, the doctor ordered his manuscripts to be indiscriminately committed to the flames; judging, doubtless, that they contained nothing worth preserving; at any rate, resolved to use the unquestionable right which every author has over his own literary property, by preventing any posthumous publication of his writings. His servant, Francis Barber, however, to whom this confidential office was entrusted, thought proper to secrete a small part of the papers, probably rather as a relic of his master than with any view to gain; and the consequence of his disobedience was, that, after his death, his widow sold them to Richard Wright, a collector of curiosities, who sold them to Richard Phillips, a publisher of books in *ana*, who will sell whatever can be wire-wove and hot-pressed: and thus, by the combination of all these accessories, the breach of trust, which was, perhaps, venial in Barber, has become the means of

holding up his master to laughter. When the world reads the wretched trifles so carefully recorded in this fragment of biography, they will laugh at Johnson's expence, without reflecting that the absurdity of the production consists entirely in its publicity, and that they alone are answerable for it, who have combined to bring it forward, contrary to the will of the author.

After the fragment in Johnson's handwriting had been procured by such means as these, the question next occurred how it could be made into a volume. Nor was this a matter of easy solution; for the relic, however "curious and interesting," to use the editor's expression, was unhappily so small, that all the resources of the eking-out art, types, vignettes, and margins, seemed to be set at defiance. Fortunately, it occurred, that a miss Hill Boothby, had written some letters to Dr. Johnson, and Mrs. Piozzi had published some letters from Johnson to miss Boothby; so, by printing a number of the former, which, it must be owned, have some relation to Johnson, and reprinting several of the latter, a volume has been at length accomplished, calling itself, "*A Life of Dr. Johnson, by himself.*"

The information contained in this "early biography" of the great English moralist, may be compressed within limits sufficiently narrow. The man-midwife who assisted his mother, said at his birth, "There is a brave boy;" but he was at first thought to be dead, and could not cry. "In a few weeks," proceeds the doctor, "an inflammation was discovered on my buttock, which was at first, I think, taken for a burn, but soon appeared to be a natural disorder. It swelled, broke, and healed."

The boil being thus settled, we have a historical sketch of an issue in his arm; some notices of his bad eyes and scrophulous habit; and a narrative of his adventures on being taken up to London to be touched by queen Anne. The most remarkable incidents in this expedi-

tion, are the following: "I remembered a little dark room behind the kitchen, where the jack weight fell through a hole in the floor, into which I once slipped my leg." "I seem to remember that I played with a string and a bell which my cousin Isaac Johnson gave me, and that there was a cat with a white collar, and a dog called Chops, that leaped over a stick: but I know not whether I remember the thing or the talk of it."

Furthermore, on his return in the waggon, he was sick, which disgusted one woman, but another woman fondled him. Lastly, in this memorable journey to London, his mother bought him a speckled linen frock, which he afterwards knew by the name of his London frock. At this period of his life there occurs a *hiatus in manuscripto* of thirty-eight pages, and the narrative goes on at his ninth year, with some account of his school exercises. Of this detail, the following may serve as a specimen.

"On Thursday night a small portion of *Æsop* was learned by heart, and, on Friday morning, the lessons in *Æsop* were repeated; I believe, not those in *Helvicus*. On Friday afternoon we learned *Quæ Genus*; I suppose that other boys might say their repetition, but of this I have now no distinct remembrance. To learn *Quæ Genus* was to me always pleasing; and *As in Præsenti* was, I know not why, always disgusting.

"When we learned our accidence we had no parts, but, I think, two lessons. The boys that came to school untaught, read the accidence twice through before they learned it by heart.

"When we learned *Propria quæ Maribus*, our parts were in the accidence; when we learned *As in Præsenti*, our parts were in the accidence and *Propria quæ Maribus*; when we learned *Syntaxis*, in the former three. *Propria quæ Maribus* I could repeat without any effort of recollection. I used to repeat it to my mother and Tom John-

son; and remember, that I once went as far as the middle of the paragraph, '*Mascula dicuntur monosyllaba*,' in a dream."

His tenth year is occupied with similar school anecdotes, and also with a severe character of some of his relatives. With respect to himself we only find two facts noticed; that he was much pleased with a whip which had a rattle, and wrote of it to his mother; and that on a visit to his aunt he ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton, that she used to talk of it, and his mother said it would hardly ever be forgotten. After a few more details of what they read at school, how often they were punished, what the master said, and what the usher said; this "curious and interesting" work breaks off, at the twenty-fourth page.

Then follow miss Hill Boothby's letters, which make up the volume. Of this lady, Dr. Johnson said "that she had the best understanding he ever met with in any human being." Of a person so praised by such a critic, the epistolary correspondence may well excite interest. But, alas! we read but few pages of it before we recollect that the author was a lady, and suspect that her critic was in love. In fact, letters of a less interesting nature have not hitherto been offered up to that indiscriminate rage for letter-reading, which distinguishes the present generation. They consist of miss Boothby's affection for Dr. Johnson, whom she begins by taking under her protection, and ends by making her "dearest friend." They are interspersed with compliments and inquiries, some few advices of a serious nature, which, we know not how, she seems to have thought her correspondent stood in need of, some medical receipts, and other bits of doctoring; and innumerable accounts of the lady's health, from time to time, and of the progress of her nephews and nieces. The staple article, however, of this epistolary commerce, seems to have been miss Boothby's admiration of Dr.



Johnson's writings; and it must be confessed, that, considering the relative magnitudes of the two correspondents, she deals it out as if she were sufficiently sensible of its high value. She seems rather to patronize and foster Dr. Johnson's merit, than to lay her devotion at his feet, in the style of Richardson's female correspondents; and, indeed, in this particular, miss Boothby differs so much from all the other instances which we have seen of ladies honoured with the friendship of great men, that one can scarcely avoid thinking there must have been a little mixture of a more tender passion in the case, at least on Johnson's part. In the following advice, she has mingled more flattery than she usually bestows on him.

"I am enabled to march on steadily with my shattered frame; how long, I think not of, but wait cheerfully for

"Kind Nature's signal of retreat,"

whenever it pleases God.

"I hope, however, to see you the *author of a great dictionary* before I go, and to have the pleasure of joining with a whole nation in your applause: and, when you have put into their hands the means of speaking and writing the English language with as much purity and propriety as it is capable of being spoken and wrote, give me leave to recommend to you your future studies and labours: let them all be devoted to the glory of God, to exemplify the true use of all languages and tongues. *The vanity of all human wishes* you have finely and forcibly proved: what is then left for you but to seek after certain and permanent happiness, divine and eternal goods,

"These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain,"

and with all the great talents bestowed on you, to call others to the same pursuit. How should I rejoice to

see *your pen wholly* employed in the glorious christian cause; inviting all into the ways of pleasantness; proving and displaying the only paths to peace! Wherever you have chosen this most interesting subject of religion in your *Ramblers*, I have warmly wished you never to chuse any other."

We give this lady full credit for excellent intentions in these, as well as some other lectures of the same devout tendency, which she delivers in her letters. But as they are absolutely the only things in the least degree resembling discussion or remark, in the whole of her effusions, we must venture to doubt whether they be sufficient to support the character given of her by Johnson, and quoted above, that she had the very best understanding he had ever seen in any human being. Indeed, when her piety finds a vent for itself in verse, we find a still less call to admire her. Thus, even the devoutness of the poetry about Gilead and Divine love, can in nowise excuse its wretched taste. The correspondent of Johnson lived too long after the days of Hopkins to enclose such lines as these in her epistles:

"The sovereign balm for every heart-felt wound  
Is only in the *heavenly* Gilead found:  
Whate'er," &c.

and so forth, down to

—"Wisdom divine must cure,  
And *love* inspire, which *all* things can endure."

But perhaps it was in her character, in the strength of her mind, that Dr. Johnson discovered the best of possible understandings. Accordingly, this publication furnishes an instance of her fortitude under afflictions, which is edifying. "O," says she, talking with lightness and resignation of her calamities, "O, chaises and such things are only transient disquiets. I have, on a fine, still day, observed the water, as

smooth as glass, suddenly curled on the surface by a little gust of air, and presently still and smooth again. No more than this are my *chaise troubles*. Like Hamlet's ghost, 'tis here, 'tis gone."

That Dr. Johnson highly esteemed this lady, there can be no doubt. In the course of his attempts to eke out the present volume, the editor has inserted a prayer from his *Prayers and Meditations*, composed on the occasion of her death; and in one of the letters to her, taken from Mrs. Piozzi's collection, we find him prescribing for her bodily infirmities with an anxiety so amiable, and, at the same time, a quackery so amusing, that we cannot refrain from transcribing the passage.

"Dear angel, do not forget me. My heart is full of tenderness.—Give me leave, who have thought much on medicine, to propose to you an easy, and, I think, a very probable remedy for indigestion and lubricity of the bowels. Dr. Lawrence has told me your case. Take an ounce of dried orange-peel finely powdered; divide it into scruples, and take one scruple at a time in any manner; the best way is perhaps to take it in a glass of hot red port, or to eat it first, and drink the wine after it. If you mix cinnamon or nutmeg with the powder, it were not worse; but it will be more bulky, and so more troublesome. This is a medicine not disgusting, not costly, easily tried, and, if not found useful, easily left off.

"I would not have you offer it to the doctor as mine. Physicians do not love intruders; yet do not take it without his leave. But do not be easily put off, for it is in my opinion very likely to help you, and not likely to do you harm; do not take too much in haste; a scruple once in three hours, or about five scruples a-day, will be sufficient to begin; or less, if you find any aversion. I think using sugar with it might be bad; if syrup, use old syrup of quinces; but even that I do not like. I should think better of conserve of sloes."

*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### THE TYROLESE.

*By Kotzebue.*

THE Tyrolese are universally passionate lovers of the chase. Before I had proceeded so far as Inspruk, I was told that the liberty of hunting is not expressly allowed them as a right; but that, from their assistance having been much wanted in times of danger, the practice is connived at, in order to reward them for their good behaviour, and that, in fact, the chase is now no longer rented, the natural consequence of which is, that the quantity of game is daily decreasing. The conduct of the government, in this instance, appeared to me very commendable and prudent, in not forgetting these faithful services, but rewarding them in the manner the most agreeable to the people, and least expensive to themselves. But in Inspruk I heard a different account. I was here told that it was not till the daring enemy had found in the passes of the Tyrol mountains the limits of their victories, and the courageous fidelity of the sharp-shooters (who were never soldiers) had served as a bulwark for the trembling capital, that this privilege was temporarily suffered; but that now again every unlicensed hunter is deemed a poacher, and, when seized, is invariably made a soldier. However, the practice is grown into a passion with them, more violent than that of the gamester. Neither threats nor punishments are capable of deterring them from it. One who had been many times caught in the fact, declared aloud, "And if I knew that the next tree would be my gallows, I must, notwithstanding, hunt." Gain cannot be the principal inducement here for them to risk their liberty; for a goat, when shot, weighs only fifty or sixty pounds at the utmost, and sells, together with the skin (which is of use only in autumn), but for ten or twelve florins. It is for this

that the hunter exposes himself to a thousand dangers, and, besides, to ignominy and a severe punishment. For this he spends the coldest winter nights on the cliffs, buries himself in the snow, and sacrifices his hours of sleep. Provided with a scanty store of victuals, he ranges for many days the desert mountains around; and, in spite of hunger and thirst, and every other hardship, pursues this way of life as his highest enjoyment. But when he has gained his poor plunder, he is still exposed to great danger and trouble in the sale of it, unless he happens to be near the monastery at Wiltau, where he may find friends in the clergy there, who love to be provided, all the year round, with game at a cheap rate. The inns of Inspruk are also good customers to such of them as will carry them their prey in the middle of the night.

One of these sportsmen alone seldom or never shoots a goat; they are obliged to go in company, and surround the animals. A herd of goats has always a sentinel planted at a distance. On the point of a rock, presenting no more space than can be covered by the hand closed, the goat stands; and when at a distance he perceives the human form, he makes a loud whistling sound, and in an instant the whole herd vanishes. Besides these goats, there are also deer, and (still more numerous) bears, wolves, foxes, and badgers.

The poachers wear masks, or, by some other means, render their faces undistinguishable. If they perceive a game-keeper at a distance, they beckon to him with their hands to depart in haste, calling to him, at the same time, "Go, or we will make you." If he does not obey, they level their firelocks at him; and, if he still refuses to return, they fire: this, however, is in extreme cases only, and when they see no other means of saving themselves. If a game-keeper recognizes one of them in these excursions, and informs against him, he must himself afterwards guard against their revenge. Of this there have been

some melancholy instances. A poacher who, in consequence of these practices, had been obliged for many years to serve in a distant regiment, was at length discharged, and returned to his country. He immediately began climbing the mountains again in search of game, met his informer, and shot him dead.

They survey a stranger almost with the curiosity of children, follow him every where, are ever officious to do something or other for him, and are frequently troublesome in consequence of this disposition; but he cannot possibly be angry with them, as he must be convinced of their ardent desire to fulfil all his wishes. Such a race of men inhabit the former principality of Brixen; whose territory, watered by the Eisach, which rushes through a narrow valley, is interspersed with cheerful towns and villages; where cleanliness prevails within and without the houses, and where health and cheerfulness smile from the faces of the inhabitants upon the stranger. They principally subsist by breeding cattle; the climate is too sharp for the cultivation of the vine; for the valley lies high, and the inclement winds have a free passage through it. "Nine months in the year are winter," say the inhabitants of Niederdorf, for example, "and three are cold." The soil, however, is well adapted to pasturage. This may, perhaps, be the reason why this tribe of herdsmen appeared to me to be more brave and less corrupted than their neighbours, who cultivate the vine. What might not have been expected of them during the late war! With what courage they waited for the coming of the French! At Branneken, two posts from Brixen, they had not heard of the arrival of the enemy till he was almost at their gates. They immediately sent to general Sporke, who commanded a corps at no great distance, to inform him they were ready to fight if he would come and support them. The general promised to comply with their invita-



tion. More than four thousand country people assembled, armed themselves, baked bread for the Austrians, procured wine, and waited for their leader. He came not : he sent them word, that his orders obliged him to return over the mountains. This message the honest peasants could not understand. They were acquainted with their mountains : they knew that, especially in spring, it was not possible to cross them, at least not with artillery. They wondered why the general should chuse rather to throw his cannon into the water than to bring it to their defence ; and they still maintain, that, if this had been done, if they had been organized, and had had any one to head them, not a man of the French would have escaped. Whoever has seen the country and its inhabitants, will give them credit for the assertion. The answer they received rendered them not dejected, but indignant. All the officers of government withdrew, leaving the people to shift for themselves. But, whenever they met with one of these fugitives, they seized him by his queue, dragged him back, and tauntingly exclaimed, " Scoundrel, there is the enemy !"

Had, at that moment, a man appeared among them, endowed by nature with military talents, he might have given the state of affairs a very different aspect, and have acquired great renown. Now their force was dispersed ; but, even in this situation, they made head against the French. In a small town, a body of them assembled at the gate, merely opened a small door from time to time, fired, killed at each time a number of the enemy, and then instantly drew back their heads again. The French might threaten and storm as much as they pleased ; the little troop continued to defend themselves in this manner, and at length compelled them to retire. Even in a village situated on a rock, the inhabitants resolved to oppose the entrance of the invaders. The women armed themselves as well as the men, and the children rolled

large stones down upon the French, who made a halt, and then proceeded farther. On their approach to Branneken, the peasants ascended the mountains, kindled some hundreds of fires in the vicinity, and so alarmed the numerous army of the enemy, that he entered into a capitulation with this open town, the articles of which were faithfully observed. These brave herdsmen were therefore indebted to their courage alone for not being plundered. The word *peasant* was a terror to the French, and frequently restrained them from committing excesses. The heart of a German patriot bleeds when he sees what a two-edged sword the government then had in its hand, without daring to draw it from the scabbard.

At Leinz the inhabitants likewise gave proofs of their courage ; and here, too, they complain bitterly of having been deserted by general Sporke with eleven thousand men. He had resolved to retreat with his artillery beyond the mountains. They represented to him that such a measure was impossible, as there was not even a path for a saddle-horse. All their representations, however, were in vain : he treated them very rudely into the bargain, and attempted to put his plan into execution, but was soon obliged to desist, and to leave his cannon behind him. " Had he kept on good terms with us," say the Tyrolese, " we would have drawn the artillery ourselves to some place of security, and have concealed it where it would not be found by the enemy. It would then have been saved for our sovereign."

But the general was not only obliged to abandon the cannon, but likewise a great quantity of ammunition. He attempted indeed to destroy the greatest part of it, but the time was too short. What could not be destroyed was collected by the inhabitants, and with this they repulsed the French. Such was literally the fact ; the anecdote is truly extraordinary : deserted by those who ought to have protected

them, unprovided with arms, except such as the troops had thrown away in their precipitate flight, they seized these, placed an inn-keeper, who had once been a sergeant, at their head, boldly attacked the advanced guard of the French which had entered their little town, and drove them from street to street, out at the gate, and beyond the bridge, strewing the whole way with the bodies of their enemies. An army of sixteen thousand men soon afterwards advanced, and the general who commanded it breathed vengeance against the town. But when he perceived that the peasants and inhabitants had taken post un intimidated on the adjacent mountains, where they remained under arms, he altered his tone, and declared, in a manifesto, that he had relinquished all idea of satisfying his vengeance, though just; that he wished not to punish the innocent with the guilty, and merely demanded a free passage and bread for his troops. This capitulation was accepted; but no sooner had the rapacious Frenchman entered the town, than he gave notice, that, unless the sum of one hundred thousand florins was raised in two hours, the place should be set on fire at the four corners. The unfortunate citizens made every possible exertion: they went from house to house, accompanied by a French guard, to collect money, but could not collect more than twenty-five thousand florins. Five of the principal inhabitants were therefore taken as hostages. These were shamefully treated during their march; were scarcely allowed bread; and, when the preliminaries of Leoben were actually signed, they were not informed, that, by this treaty, all arrears of contributions were remitted; they were several times led out as if for the purpose of being shot; and, by such methods as these, a like sum, which they were obliged to borrow of their friends and acquaintance, was extorted from them before they were dismissed.

It would certainly be worth the while of a good historian to reside for a few months in Tyrol; he would there have an opportunity of collecting the most extraordinary particulars of a war, the individual occurrences of which must appear incomprehensible to posterity. They will not be a little astonished to learn, that the military manifested a kind of hatred (I cannot possibly call it envy) against the brave peasantry; and that they went so far as to call the gallant general Laudon, by way of ridicule, *the idol of the peasants*, because he was the only officer who knew how to avail himself of the courage and energy of the Tyrolese; and who, let it be well remarked, himself fought at their head.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

MILTON, HIS METRE AND HIS IMITATORS.

JOHNSON says, that the *Paradise Lost* is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again; that none ever wished it longer than it is; that its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure.

We must admit that the irregularity of his pauses, which certain critics have so much commended, often gives the character of prose to his verse, and deprives it of all fire and enthusiasm of expression. It is also too true that Milton has often employed an inverted order of collocation, merely to stiffen his diction, and keep it out of prose; an artifice, of all others, the most adverse to the genuine purposes of a metrical or poetical style, which, though known to be the result of study and labour, should always appear to flow from inspiration. It cannot be denied that some parts of *Paradise Lost* have as little the characteristics of metre as they have of poetical beauty. There is, even in the most beautiful parts of the *Paradise Lost*, a want of that

charm of ease and animation, which runs through the poetry of Homer and Virgil.

The admirers of Milton must be better pleased to lay the fault on his verse than on his mind. His lighter poems are often full of grace and spirit. The evil days on which he had fallen, and the influence of a temperament, naturally so serious and severe, that in his mirth, according to Johnson, there is always some melancholy, will certainly account, in a great degree, for that unbending solemnity, which reigns in the *Paradise Lost*, and which is apt to leave an impression almost painful on the mind. But there is something more. Sensible that the inferiority of our own idiom to those of antiquity proceeded mainly from its want of inversions, he struggled, both in prose and poetry, to naturalize a more classical structure of periods. Had this succeeded, so as to become the common style, which, from our want of inflections, and for other reasons, it never could, poetry and eloquence would have been inestimably gainers. He failed; and his failure cost him half the price of his labour.

His prose writings, abundant as they are in eloquence, seldom quit the shelf; the much more splendid excellences of his poetry have redeemed that from such oblivion; and by the natural course of critical idolatry, his defects have been praised by critics, and imitated by what the world call poets. But never were there poems less deserving their name, than those written in imitation of the Miltonic blank verse, by some who acquired not a little reputation in their day. The most thorough penury of poetical images, the greatest triteness of sentiment, the hardest and most uncouth sentiment, seemed, with these bards, to constitute the true tone of poetry. Nothing was expressed naturally; no verse moved smoothly on, accordant to the fancy and feelings of the reader. A few modes of phrase, generally of classic origin, and imitated from Milton, such as placing the substantive before its epithet, or

inverting the verb and accusative case, threw a stiff and cumbrous pedantry over the language. Animation, the great characteristic of good poetry, was utterly wanting. It was, in truth, verse only to the eye. Happily this school has been exploded. It has been discovered that unrhymed verse may possess simplicity of expression and warmth of sentiment.

Among the first specimens of this reformed style were the inscriptions of Akenside. Some late poets have been very successful in it, and shown the fallacy of that strange notion, that blank verse is adapted only to poems of considerable length. It is susceptible, by art and attention, of greater harmony, as well as variety, than rhyme; but, unless where the sentiment buoys it up, its inevitable tendency is to coldness and want of spirit: and, as many parts of a narrative or didactic poem must be destitute of such assistance, it is too much to hope that any future favourites of Apollo will overcome these obstacles to which Milton, Akenside, and Cowper have been forced to yield.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

A SKETCH OF MARMONTEL.

*From his Memoirs.*

MARMONTEL was born, in 1723, in the little town of Bort, in the Limosin, in a very humble rank of society. From the account which he has given of the domestic economy of his family, and of the state of society among their equals, it is clear that their condition was but one degree removed from that of the ordinary peasantry. Nothing is more striking than the refinement, intelligence, and independence, which he describes as prevailing in this class of society. A foreigner would not suspect that the lower orders in France were by any means so well educated, so comfortable, or so well



informed, as they appear to be from Marmontel's account. His whole account of this village society, in the wild mountains of Auvergne, is full of interest and instruction.

In a family which seems to have lived, like that of Fabricius, on roasted turnips and chesnuts, clothed with hemp and wool spun by their females, and lodged in a cottage surrounded with bee-hives and apple-trees, we find not only the purest and most tender affection, but a degree of intelligence, and even of accomplishment, that seem to belong to a very different condition.

The mother of Marmontel, with no other education than that of the little convent of Bort, had acquired not only a remarkable polish of mind, but a propriety in her language, so delicate and pure, that it seemed to be the pure instinct of good taste, and made a great impression on the bishop of the diocese, to whom she afterwards wrote in behalf of her son; and Marmontel himself, though his father could not scrape together four or five pounds a year for the expences of his education, was not only instructed in Latin, with the other children of the village, by a philanthropic priest in the neighbourhood, but was carried, at the age of eleven, to the little college of Marriac. This might not be common among the peasantry of old France, but few instances of similar indolence or ambition can be produced among the poor of other countries: and yet, from the description of the establishment at Mauriac, it would appear that all the pupils were nearly of this description.

He was lodged, as was the custom of the school, with five other scholars, at an honest mechanic's in the town; and his father, sad enough to return without him, left him there with his packet and provisions for the week. These provisions consisted of a large loaf of rye bread, a little cheese, a piece of bacon, and two or three pounds of beef: his mother had added to them a dozen apples. This was the weekly pro-

vision of the best fed scholars of the school. The mistress of the house cooked for them; and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her *lodging*, and even the vegetables of her little garden that she furnished for soup, they gave her twelve-pence halfpenny a piece per month; so that his whole expences amounted to between four and five pounds a year.

In this humble seminary he remained studying the languages, logic, and rhetoric, six years; and, though naturally deficient in memory, soon came, by unwearied application and regularity, to be one of the most distinguished scholars in his class. The first boy in each class was honoured with a cross of merit, which he wore at his bosom.

When his dimity waistcoats were returned to his mother to be washed, she looked eagerly to see whether the silver chain which suspended the cross had blackened the button-hole: and if she perceived that mark of triumph, all the mothers in the neighbourhood were told of her joy, the good nuns returned thanks to heaven, and his early tutor, the abbe Vaissiere, with more fervour than any of them.

In his little town, the education of boys was carefully conducted: their example became, to the girls, an object of emulation. The instruction of the one influenced the spirit of the others, and gave to their air, their language, and their manners a strong tint of politeness, of decorum, and of agreeableness. An innocent freedom reigned among them: the girls and the lads used to walk together in an evening by the light of the moon. Their usual amusement was singing; and the connexions that were formed there did not at all disquiet their families: there was so little inequality of condition and fortune, that the parents were almost as soon agreed as their children; and, after marriage, love did not often languish.

He saw hearts chusing and forming ties with each other: example inspired him with a similar inclina-

tion. One of his young companions, and the prettiest to his taste, appeared still disengaged, and, like him, to have only the vague desire of pleasing. In her freshness, she had not that tender and soft brilliancy with which beauty is painted, when it is compared to the rose; but the lively red, the down, and roundness of a peach afford an image that very much resembles her. As for wit, with so sweet a mouth, could she be without it? Her eyes and her smile would alone have given wit and grace to her simplest language; and, from her lips, good day and good night seemed to him exquisitely engaging. She might be one or two years older than him; and this inequality of age, rendered still more apparent by an air of steadiness and prudence, intimidated his dawning love: but, by degrees, in trying to make his attentions please her, he won her heart, and loved her in good earnest. He made her a plain avowal of it, and she as plainly answered, that her inclinations were not at variance with his. "But you well know," said she, "that, to be lovers, we must hope one day to be married; and how can we expect it at our age? You are scarcely fifteen: and are not you going to pursue your studies?" "Yes," said he; "such is my determination, and the wish of my mother." "Well then! here will be five years of absence before you can be fixed in life, and I shall be more than twenty, without knowing for what you are destined."—"Alas! it is too true," said he, "that I know not what will become of me; but promise me, at least, never to marry without consulting my mother, nor without asking her whether I have not some hope to offer you." She gave him her promise with a charming smile, and, during the rest of the vacation, they abandoned themselves to the pleasure of loving each other, with the ingenuousness and the innocence of their age. Their private walks, their most interesting conversations, were passed in imagining possibili-

ties of future fortune, that might favour their wishes; but, as these sweet illusions succeeded each other like dreams, the one effaced the other, and, after they had delighted them for a moment, they finished by weeping over them, as children weep when a breath overturns the house of cards they have built.

Soon after this innocent engagement, the father of the young lover insisted upon his breaking off his unprofitable studies, and took him to Clermont, where he intended to establish him in the counting-house of a considerable merchant. The dealer, however, and the rhetorician disagreed in two days; and the disconsolate youth, going into a church to compose his thoughts in prayer, was suddenly seized with the wish of devoting himself to the clerical profession. After obtaining his father's consent, he accordingly applied to be received into the academy of the jesuits at Clermont; and having passed his examinations with success, was allowed to occupy his leisure as a private tutor to some of the more opulent scholars. By this means he was able to subsist in comfort, and, what delighted him still more, to attire his youthful, person in the reverend habit of an abbe. During his residence at Clermont, he saw the venerable Massillon, then on the verge of life, at his house of Beauregard, and has spoken with feeling of the impression made upon him by the sight of this illustrious orator. At the year's end he returned exulting to his paternal cottage, his hands filled with presents for his sisters, and glorying in that ecclesiastical habit which struck misery and despair into the heart of his young betrothed. In the end of his second year's study he was summoned home by the sudden death of his father; and was so much affected by the shock, that he was forced to go and recruit his health and spirits in the country residence and spiritual conversation of the good priest who had superintended his earliest education.

From this retreat he was drawn,



in a few months, to act as private tutor to the son of M. de Linars, and passed a short time in this family with equal satisfaction and improvement. He then received the *tonsure* from the hands of the bishop of Limoges; and, during a short visit to his mother, he was strongly tempted by the jesuits to enter their powerful society. He went to Thoulouse to deliberate on this project; from which, however, he was fortunately dissuaded, by an eloquent and pathetic letter from his mother, enlarging on all its dangers and disadvantages. At Thoulouse, when little more than eighteen, he acquired great reputation by supplying the place of the professor of philosophy during an occasional absence, and was again enabled to subsist in comfort by instructing a small number of opulent pupils. He was then elected a member of the college in that city, and sent a poem to the Academy of the Floral games, which failed, however, to obtain the prize. Enraged at this disappointment, the young author wrote to Voltaire, and sent him a copy of his poem; the philosopher not only returned him a flattering answer, but sent him a copy of his works corrected with his own hand. For three years he continued to write for the academy, and every year obtained prizes of considerable value; his account of the solemnity attending their distribution, and of his own emotion when his success was proclaimed three times in one day, is extremely lively and amusing.

His opposition to the bishop's proctor in the college of St. Catharine, occasioned him a very cold reception when he applied for ordination; and his correspondence with Voltaire, to whom he continued to transmit his prize poems, confirmed in him that disinclination to the clerical profession which had begun with his escape from the jesuits. In the choice of life, the career of a man of letters at Paris, the bar at Thoulouse, or the calling of a teacher at Limoges, all presented themselves to him with different attrac-

tions; and finally he found it necessary to consult his mother. In his last journey to the place of his nativity, he found this beloved parent in a state of visible decay, and, after receiving from her the most affectionate and tender advice, left her with the sad persuasion that they were to meet no more.

"Yet a little while (exclaims he) and she will be no longer mine; this mother who, from my birth, has breathed only for me, this adored mother, whose displeasure I feared as that of heaven, and, if I dare say it, yet more than heaven itself! for I thought of her much oftener than of God; and when I had some temptation to subdue, or some passion to repress, it was always my mother that I fancied present. What would she say, if she knew what passes in me! What would be her confusion, what would be her grief! Such were the reflections that I opposed to myself; and my reason then resumed its empire, seconded by nature, who always did what she pleased with my heart. Those who, like me, have known this tender filial love, need not be told what was the sadness and despondency of my soul. Yet I still held by a frail hope; a hope too dear to be wholly relinquished until the last moment."

On his return to Thoulouse he received a note from Voltaire, pressing him to come immediately to Paris, for that Orri, comptroller-general of finance, had undertaken to provide for him. This at once decided his choice; and, in the year 1745, with thirty dollars in his pocket, he set out for the metropolis.

Hitherto the life of Marmontel had been that of a simple and industrious scholar, aiming, by modest diligence, at a humble independence, and only ambitious of distinction for the sake of the gratification which his parents and benefactors would derive from his success. From the moment of his arrival in Paris, he assumes a very different character: he plunged, at once, into all the bustle and intrigue of literary circles,



and all the glare and dissipation of fashionable society : instead of rural walks with the damsels of his native village, and consultations with his mother, and discussions with curates and school-masters, he has intrigues with actresses and cast-off mistresses ; dinners with artists, revels with the *intendans des menus plaisirs* ; rehearsals, coteries, jealousies, and perpetual anxieties. It is to the excitements of this turbulent scene, no doubt, that we are indebted for his most pleasing performances ; but he made a bad exchange for his own comfort and tranquillity, and his history affords a new instance of the wide difference between literary fame and individual happiness. The author, at first, looked back with regret on the simple and innocent pleasures of his youthful obscurity, and often repented of the ambition which had led him so far away from the scenes of his purest enjoyments. As he proceeds in his narrative, however, he kindles with the increasing interest of the subject, and we hear no more of the regrets which attended the recollections of his childhood.

He came to Paris because Orri had promised to provide for him ; and he hears on his arrival that Orri is himself in disgrace, and can no longer provide for any body. By Voltaire's advice, he now sets about writing a tragedy, and is almost starved while it is preparing. He lives with a profligate *litterateur*, Beauvin, and his mistress, frequents the society of Voltaire and his pupils, and is introduced into the circle of madame Harenc. After his piece is finished, he is exceedingly disturbed by a quarrel between two actresses for the chief character : at last it is assigned to the young mademoiselle Clairon, and Dionysius the Tyrant is represented with great applause in 1748. The author immediately comes to be in great request in all the fashionable circles ; and, after enjoying this tumultuous popularity for a few months, he forms a connexion with a beautiful mademoiselle Navarre, a cast-off

mistress of marshal Saxe, and goes to spend some idle and dissipated months with her at a chateau of the marshal in Champagne. On his return, he learns that his mistress has given him a successor, and, by and by, she comes into his chamber with her new lover, a chevalier de Mirabeau, who is foolish enough afterwards to marry her, and take her away with him to Italy. The virtuous abbe, however, finds it impossible to live without a mistress, and, on a statement of his case, the celebrated mademoiselle Clairon consents to accommodate him : they live together for some time in great harmony ; but the heroine soon languishes for variety, and tells him coolly, one afternoon, that she is going to leave him a while for a new lover. When this fantasy is gratified, she is willing to come back ; but the offended poet will have nothing more to say to her as a mistress, though she continued, he assures us, to be his most intimate and respected friend to the latest hour of her life.

In the midst of this heartless and debasing profligacy, an incident occurs which might have roused a more generous spirit from its dream of sensuality. Madlle. B., the innocent girl with whom he had exchanged his youthful vows, and who had seen with silent grief and astonishment that clerical habit which pledged him to celibacy, finding that he had renounced all views of ecclesiastical preferment, and was living a layman's life in Paris, reminds him of the promise he had exacted from her, not to marry without the consent of his mother, and informing him that a proposal having now been made to her, of which her parents approved, she had thought herself bound to consult him on the occasion. This communication, he confesses, gave him some emotion ; but he applauds himself much for replying to it, that the lot he could propose to her with him was too full of hazard and uncertainty to be worthy of her acceptance, and that he can only en-

vy the person who is enabled to offer her a more secure felicity. He then goes back to his rehearsals with great exultation and self-complacency.

After Dionysius, he produced Aristomenes, and with equal applause: and being again in want of a mistress, he is fortunate enough to supply himself a second time from the seraglio of marshal Saxe. This is a mademoiselle Verriere, whom he began with teaching to recite, and afterwards seduced. The marshal was offended, it seems, with this intrigue; and Marmontel, who seems to have been by no means so remarkable for courage as for gallantry, declares, that he never stole to her house without trembling. At last, the prince de Turenne proposes to take her off his hands; and the poet, with some tragical grimace, assents, and never sees her again.

After this, he goes to live with M. de Popliniere, a rich financier, who had been forced to marry his mistress in order to retain his place, and who kept open house at Passy for players, artists, ambassadors, and all sorts of idle people. His life here was not very regular; but he was introduced to a very brilliant society, and came to live a good deal with d'Alembert, Diderot, Grimm, Rousseau, &c. By flattering the king in occasional verses, he gained the favour of madame de Pompadour; and when another of his forgotten tragedies was represented without success, owing, as he alleges, to the chief actress having got tipsy during the representation, the favourite procures for him, in 1750, an appointment of *secrétaire des batimens*, under her brother de Marigny.

For eight years after, he continued in this office, and seems to have lived a gay, idle life about court. In this interval, however, he provided for the husband of his sister, and had influence enough to procure the patent of the *Mercure de France* for Boissy. On the application of this person for some contributions to

this journal, he first tried his hand at a moral tale; and he produced Alcibiades, and afterwards Solyman II., the Scruple, and several others. Those pieces were much and deservedly admired; and, on the death of Boissy in 1758, madame de Pompadour obtained the *Mercure* for the author who had contributed so much to support it.

This journal he conducted with great judgment and ability. The rest of his tales were written for it; and he showed considerable penetration in pointing out, through that medium, the merit of rising talents. It was here that de Lille and Thomas were first introduced to public favour. A little incident soon occurred, however, which figures in his luxurious and easy life as a terrible and tragical adventure. A brother poet of the name of Cury had written some satirical verses on the duc d'Aumont, and had read them twice over to Marmontel. He was indiscreet enough to repeat them afterwards in company, and was denounced by the duke as their author. As he refused to betray his friend, he was sent to the bastille, where he was treated very kindly, and dismissed in a few days, during which he was sumptuously entertained, and indulged with books and all the implements of study. The *Mercure*, however, was not restored to him; but he was indemnified by a pension of about 600 dollars. After this, he travelled over a great part of France, and paid a visit to Voltaire at Ferney; and soon after became a member of the French Academy in 1763.

He now published his *Belisarius*, which was censured by the Sorbonne, but applauded by all the literary circles of Paris. He then makes a journey to Aix la Chapelle and Spa with madame de Seran, the platonic favourite of the king, and there composes his *Incas*. He afterwards wrote several operas; and at last, at the age of fifty-four, marries mademoiselle de Montigny, a young girl of eighteen, the niece of the abbe Morellet, with

whom he lives in great happiness and tranquillity till the era of the revolution. In 1793, he retires for safety to Abloville, where he employs himself in the education of his children, and in composing his *Memoirs* for their instruction. In 1797, he was elected a deputy to the national assembly, and specially enjoined to defend the catholic religion; but, before the end of the same year, the party to which he had attached himself was violently expelled; and, narrowly escaping the *defortation* that fell to the lot of most of his coadjutors, he regained his retreat, where he remained, occasionally occupied with literary projects, till his life was terminated by apoplexy, in December, 1799.

There is nothing very amiable or enviable in this life. Marmontel's lightness of heart, his playful imagination, and splendid reputation, are no doubt extremely desirable; but there is too much profligacy and too much servility. Few men of a true spirit would condescend to owe his advancement to the favour of an actress, or the mistress of a minister.

The society in which he lived was, probably, the most refined and accomplished that was ever assembled upon earth; and was rendered engaging by an intimate and cordial union of literary talents with all the graces of female elegance, and all the polish of exalted rank. The men of letters learned facility from their fair auditory, who gained taste and intelligence from them in return; and persons of the highest consideration in the country, by placing a part of their glory in the rank they held in such a combination, communicated to the whole a degree of dignity and personal consideration, that has seldom fallen to the lot of talents elsewhere. Notwithstanding all this fascination, however, and in spite of the brilliant spectacle that such a society must have afforded to a spectator, it contained too much art and too much

ambition to make it always delightful to those who composed it. With conversation, as with life, those enjoy it the most who give themselves the least trouble about it; and an excessive anxiety to secure and improve all its advantages, takes away more pleasure than can be bestowed even by its greatest success. Wherever great pains are bestowed to render society select, a certain fastidious, jealous, and exclusive spirit is generated, by which the temper and feelings which give the greatest relish for society are gradually perverted; and wherever the art of talking is studied as a passport to distinction, the quiet and intimate enjoyment of conversation is infallibly lost; and the delightful, but unequal flow of spontaneous sentiments is exchanged for feats of colloquial dexterity. Society of this kind is a scene of perpetual toil and warfare, rather than of amusement and relaxation. We enter it with anxiety, and leave it, either filled with the vanity of success, or mortified by failure and defeat. In all great and polished capitals, there is a tendency to such a consummation. The multitude renders selection necessary, and the abundance of materials makes it easy; but selection necessarily leads to exclusion, and that, again, to exertion and constraint. It is known that, to gain admission into such a circle, a certain ordeal must be passed, and certain qualifications exhibited. It would be fraud merely to show these like a ticket at the door, and to put them in our pocket as soon as our admission is secured. They must be exhibited daily; they must be compared and brought to the test. Exertion then necessarily takes place of ease and enjoyment; free and characteristic conversation disappears; and, unless prevented by the exuberant spirits of youth, or the overflowing of constitutional gaiety, the intercourse of a very select society loses those simple graces and natural enjoyments that belong to accidental meetings.



*For the Literary Magazine.*

PORTRAITS, BY MARMONTEL.

*D'Alembert.*

THE gayest man, the most animated, the most amusing in his gaiety, was d'Alembert. After having passed his morning in algebraic calculations, and in solving the problems of mechanics or astronomy, he came from his study like a boy just let loose from school, seeking only to enjoy himself; and by the lively and pleasant turn that his mind, so luminous, so solid, so profound, then assumed, he soon made his companions forget the philosopher and the man of science, to admire in him all the qualities that can delight and engage. The source of this natural gaiety was a pure mind, free from passion, contented with itself, and in the daily enjoyment of some new truth that recompensed and crowned his labours; a privilege which the mathematics only possess, and which no other kind of study can completely obtain.

*Marivaux.*

Marivaux would have been very glad to have had a jovial hour now and then; but he had a business in his head that incessantly preoccupied him, and gave him a sullen air. As he had acquired by his works the reputation of a subtle and refined wit, he thought himself obliged to give perpetual proofs of this wit, and he was continually on the watch for ideas susceptible of opposition or analysis, in order to turn or wind them as his fancy dictated. He would agree that such a thing was true *as far as a certain point, or in a certain view*; but there was always some restriction, some distinction to make, which no one perceived but himself. This exertion of the attention was laborious to him, and often painful to others;

but it sometimes gave birth to happy perceptions and brilliant flashes of genius. Yet it was easy to discover, by the inquietude of his looks, that he was in pain about the success he already had, or about that he was about to obtain. There never was a vanity more delicate, more wayward, or more fearful; but as he carefully humoured that of others, his was respected; and it was only regretted that he could not resolve to be simple and natural.

*Morellet.*

Abbe Morellet, with order and clearness in a very rich magazine of every kind of knowledge, possessed in conversation a source of sound, pure, profound ideas, that, without ever being exhausted, never overflowed. He showed himself at dinner with an open soul, a just and firm mind, and with as much rectitude in his heart as in his understanding. One of his talents, and the most distinguishing, was a turn of pleasantry delicately ironical, of which Swift alone had known the secret before him. With this facility of being severe, if he had been inclined, no man was ever less so; and if he ever permitted himself to indulge in personal raillery, it was but a rod in his hand to chastise insolence, or punish malignity.

*Saint Lambert.*

Saint Lambert, with a delicate politeness, though a little cold, had, in conversation, the same elegant turn, the same acuteness of mind that you remark in his writings. Without being naturally gay, he became animated by the gaiety of others; and on philosophical or literary subjects, no one conversed with sounder reason nor more exquisite taste. This taste was that of the little court of Luneville, where he had lived, and whose tone he preserved.

*Helvetius.*

Helvetius, preoccupied with his ambition of literary celebrity, came into company, his head heated with his morning's work. To write a book that should be distinguished in his age, his first care had been to seek for some new truth to publish, or some bold and new idea to produce and support. But as new and fruitful truths have been infinitely rare for the last two thousand years, he had taken for his thesis, the paradox which he has displayed in his work *De l'Esprit*. Whether he had finally persuaded himself of what he wished to persuade others, or whether he were still struggling against his own doubts, and sought to conquer them, he used to bring successively on the carpet the questions that occupied, or the difficulties that embarrassed him; and after having enjoyed for some time the pleasure of hearing them discussed, he suffered himself to be carried along with the current of conversation. He then gave himself wholly to it, with infinite warmth, as simple, as natural, as ingenuously sincere in his familiar converse as you see him systematic and sophistical in his writings. Nothing less resembles the simplicity of his character and of his habitual life, than the cautious air and affected singularity of his works; and this want of harmony will always be found between the manners and opinions of those who fatigue themselves with imagining strange things. Helvetius had in his soul the complete contrary of what he has said. There never was a better man: liberal, generous without ostentation, and beneficent because he was good, he conceived the strange scheme of calumniating all honest men and himself, by giving to all moral actions no motive but self-love.

*Thomas.*

No man was more ambitious of glory than Thomas; but, in tune

with himself, he only expected success from the rare talent he possessed of expressing his sentiments and his thoughts; sure of giving to common subjects the originality of a lofty eloquence, and to known truths, new colours, and new lustre. It is true that, absorbed in his meditations, and incessantly occupied with what might acquire him an ample fame, he neglected the little cares and the light merit of being engaging in society. The gravity of his character was gentle, but reserved; silent, smiling with difficulty at the gaiety of conversation, without ever contributing to it. He even scarcely ever spoke freely on subjects that were familiar to him, unless it were in a small and intimate circle: it was there only that he was brilliant with the light of intellect, and astonishing in copiousness. At dinner he added to the number, and it was only by reflection on his literary merit, and on his moral qualities, that he enjoyed there any consideration. Thomas always sacrificed to virtue, to truth, to glory, never to the graces; and he lived in an age when, without the influence and favour of the graces, there was no brilliant reputation in literature.

*Galiani.*

The abbe Galiani was, in his person, the prettiest little harlequin that Italy ever produced; but on the shoulders of this harlequin was the head of Machiavel. An epicurean in his philosophy, and with a melancholy soul, having looked at every thing on the side of ridicule, there was nothing, either in politics or in morality, on which he had not some good story to tell; and these stories had always the merit of pertinence, and the wit of an unforeseen and ingenious allusion. Figure to yourself too the prettiest little natural graces, in his manner of relating, and in his gesticulation, and you may conceive what pleasure was derived from the contrast between the profound sense of the

story, and the bantering air of him who told it. His company forgot every thing in order to hear him, even for whole hours. But when his part was played, he was like a cypher in the company; and, sad and mute in a corner, he had the air of impatiently waiting the catchword to re-enter on the stage. It was with his arguments as with his stories; he would be listened to. If he were sometimes interrupted, he would say, "But let me finish, you shall soon have full leisure to answer me." And when, after having described a long circle of inductions, for that was his way, he at last concluded, if any one showed an inclination to reply to him, you might see him slide in among the crowd, and quietly escape.

*Caraccioli.*

Caraccioli, at first sight, had in his physiognomy the heavy and massive air with which you would paint stupidity. To animate his eyes, and bring out his features, it was necessary that he should speak. But then, and in proportion as that lively, piercing, and luminous intelligence with which he was gifted awoke, it sent forth beams of light; and acuteness, gaiety, originality of thought, simplicity of expression, the grace of an animated smile, and a look of sensibility, all united to give an engaging, intelligent, and interesting character to ugliness. He spoke the French language ill, and painfully; but he was eloquent in his own; and when the French term did not occur to him, he used to borrow the word, the turn, the image he wanted, from the Italian. Thus, he every moment enriched his language with a thousand bold and picturesque expressions that excited envy. He accompanied them too with those Neapolitan gestures that, in the abbe Galiani, so well animated expression; and it was said of both of them, that they had wit even to their fingers' ends. Both too had excellent stories, and

they had almost all a delicate, moral, and profound meaning. Caraccioli had studied men as a philosopher; but he had observed them more as a politician and a statesman, than as a satirical moralist. He had contemplated the manners, the customs, and the policy of nations on a large scale; and if he cited some particular features of them, it was only as examples, and in support of the inferences he drew. In knowledge, his riches were inexhaustible, and he distributed them with the most engaging simplicity; beside, he had in our eyes the merit of being an excellent man. Not one of us would have thought of making a friend of the abbe Galiani; each of us was ambitious of the friendship of Caraccioli; and I, who have long enjoyed it, cannot express how desirable it was.

*De Creutz.*

De Creutz was less eager to please, less occupied with the care of attracting attention, often pensive, still oftener absent, but the most charming of the convivial circle, when, without distraction, he gave himself freely to it. To him nature had really given sensibility, warmth, the delicacy of moral sentiment, and of that of taste; the love of all that is beautiful, and the passion of genius as well as that of virtue; to him she had granted the gift of expressing and painting in touches of fire, all that had struck his imagination, or vividly seized on his soul: never was a man born a poet, if this man were not so. Still young, his mind ornamented with a prodigious variety of information; speaking French like Frenchmen; and almost all the languages of Europe like his own, without reckoning the learned languages; versed in all kinds of ancient and modern literature; talking of chemistry as a chemist; of natural history as a pupil of Linnæus; and singularly of Sweden and of Spain, as a curious observer of the properties of climates, and of



their divers productions ; he was a source of knowledge, embellished by the most brilliant elocution.

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*Rousseau.*

No one ever observed more strictly than Rousseau the melancholy maxim of *living with his friends as if they were one day to be his enemies*. When I first knew him, says Marmontel, he had just gained the prize of eloquence at the academy of Dijon, with that fine sophism in which he has imputed to the sciences and the arts the natural effects of the prosperity and wealth of nations. Yet he had not then declared himself as he has since done, nor did he announce any ambition to form a sect. Either his pride was unborn, or he concealed it under the show of a timid politeness, that was sometimes even obsequious, and bordered on humility. But in his fearful reserve, distrust was evidently visible ; his eye secretly observed every thing with a suspicious attention. He was very rarely affable, and never opened his heart ; he was not the less amicably received. As we knew he indulged a restless self-love ; wayward, easily hurt ; he was humoured, treated with the same attention and the same delicacy that we should use toward a beautiful woman, very vain and very capricious, whose favours we wished to obtain. He was then composing the music for the *Devin de Village*, and he sung to us at the harpsichord the airs he had written. We were charmed with them ; we were not less so with the firm, animated, and profound manner in which his first essay on eloquence was written. Nothing could be more sincere, I ought to say it, than our benevolence for his person, nor than our esteem for his talents. It is the recollection of these days that made me indignant against him, when I saw him, for foolish trifles, or wrongs of his own creating, calumniate men who treated him so kindly, and would have been so happy to love him. I

have lived with them all their lives. I never perceived in them any thing like the character that his evil genius attributed to them.

As for me, the little time that we were together in their society passed between him and me coldly, without affection, and without aversion for each other ; the way in which we treated each other admitted neither of complaint nor of praise ; and in what I have said, and what I may still say of him, I feel myself perfectly free from all personality.

After the success which his two works, crowned at Dijon, had produced among the superficial, Rousseau, foreseeing that by colouring paradoxes with his style, and by animating them with his eloquence, it would be easy for him to draw after him a crowd of enthusiasts, conceived the ambition of forming a sect ; and, instead of being a simple associate in the philosophic school, he wanted to be the chief and sole professor in a school of his own ; but in withdrawing from our society, like Buffon, without dispute and without noise, he would not have completed his object. To attract the crowd he had attempted to give himself the air of an old philosopher ; he showed himself at the opera, in the coffee-houses, in the walks, first in an old great coat, and then in the habit of an Armenian ; but neither his little dirty wig, and the stick of Diogenes, nor his fur cap, arrested the passengers. He wanted some grand disturbance to advertise the enemies of men of letters, and particularly of those who were marked with the name of philosophers, that J. J. Rousseau was divorced from them. This rupture would draw to him a crowd of partizans ; and he had safely calculated that the priests would be of the number. It was therefore not enough for him to separate from Diderot and from his friends ; he abused them ; and, by a dart of calumny directed against Diderot, he gave the signal of the war he had declared against them on parting.

He was never spoken of in society

but with tender interest. Even criticism itself was for him full of respect, and tempered with eulogies. He would say, it was but the more adroit and perfidious. In the most tranquil repose, he always chose to fancy or to say that he was persecuted. His disease was to imagine, in the most fortuitous events, in the most common occurrences, some intention of injuring him, as if in the world all the eyes of envy had been fixed on him. If the duke of Choiseul had conceived the conquest of Corsica, it was in order to take from him the glory of being its legislator. If the same duke went to sup, at Montmorency, with the duchess of Luxembourg, it was to usurp the place that he was wont to occupy near her at table. Hume, he would say, had been envious of the reception which the prince de Condi had given him. He never pardoned Grimm for having had some preference over him at madame d'Epinaÿ's; and you may see in his memoirs how his cruel vanity revenged this offence.

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*Voltaire.*

The first name in French literature, during the eighteenth century, was unquestionably that of Voltaire. Marmontel describes him as friendly and indulgent; full of vivacity and impatience, to a degree of childishness and folly; extremely changeable in his humour; vain, satirical, and ambitious of glory without modesty and without measure. He gave encouragement to all young men who showed any talent for poetry. The French Parnassus was an empire, the sceptre of which he would have yielded to no one on earth; but, for this very reason, he delighted to see its subjects multiply. He behaved to Marmontel with uniform kindness; offered him money in his distresses; went with him to the first representation of his tragedies; and sympathized in all the anxiety and all the triumph of the author.

From his earliest outset in life he was ambitious of distinction and advancement at court; and bought the place of a gentleman of the bed-chamber, to put himself in the way of promotion. But the king was prejudiced against him; and the courtiers, who were jealous of his talents, easily found means to foster his dislike. Voltaire's own impatient vanity, indeed, very effectually seconded their efforts, by leading him to do a number of rude and imprudent things, which royalty can never pardon in a person of inferior condition.

He had written an opera for the court, called *La Temple de la Gloire*. The third act, of which Trajan was the hero, contained an allusion flattering to the king; it was a hero, just, humane, generous, pacific, and worthy the love of the world, to whom the temple of glory was open. Voltaire doubted not but that the king would recognize himself in this eulogy. After the play he met him in his way out, and, seeing that the king passed without saying any thing to him, he took the liberty of asking him, *Is Trajan satisfied?* Trajan, surprised and displeased that he should have dared to interrogate him, passed on in cold silence; and the whole court thought Voltaire very wrong for having dared to question the king.

This and other mortifications, which plainly showed him that he was not destined to make his way at Versailles, determined him to accept the king of Prussia's invitation to Berlin. The obstacles which were thrown in the way of this journey, and the circumstances by which it was at last decided, are both equally characteristic.

Voltaire wanted a thousand pounds to defray his expences; and Frederic, after some hesitation, agreed to let him have that sum. But madame Denis wanted to accompany her uncle, and for this additional expence Voltaire asked for another thousand pounds. To this the king would not listen. "I shall

be very happy," said he in his answer, "that madame Denis accompanies you; but I do not ask it."—

"Look," said Voltaire, "at this meanness in a king. He has barrels of gold, and he won't give a thousand poor pounds for the pleasure of seeing madame Denis at Berlin! He *shall* give them, or I myself won't go." A comical incident came and finished this dispute. One morning, as I was going to see him, I found his friend Thiriot in the garden of the Palais Royal, and as I was always on the watch for literary news, I asked him if he had heard any. "Yes," said he, "there is most curious news: you are going to Voltaire's, and there you shall hear it, for I am going there as soon as I take my coffee."

Voltaire was writing in his bed when I went in: in his turn he asked me, "What's the news?" "I know none," said I; "but Thiriot, whom I met in the Palais Royal, says he has something very interesting to tell you. He is coming."

"Well, Thiriot, you have some curious news to tell us?" "Oh! very curious, and that will please you particularly," answered Thiriot, with his sardonic laugh, and the nasal twang of a capuchin.—"Let's hear." "Arnaud-Baculard is arrived at Potsdam, and the king of Prussia has received him with open arms." "With open arms!" "That Arnaud has presented him an epistle." "Very bombastic and very insipid!" "Not at all; very fine; so fine that the king has answered it by another epistle." "The king of Prussia an epistle to Arnaud! No, no, Thiriot; they have been joking with you." "I don't know; but I have the two epistles in my pocket." "Let's see! quick, let me read these master-pieces of poetry. What insipidity! what meanness! how egregiously stupid!" said he, in reading the epistle of Arnaud: then, passing to that of the king, he read a moment in silence, and with an air of pity. But when he came to these verses,

Voltaire's a setting sun;  
But you are in your dawn,

he started up, and jumped from his bed, bounding with rage: "Voltaire's a setting sun, and Baculard in his dawn! and it is a king who writes this enormous folly! let him think only of reigning!"

It was with difficulty that Thiriot and I could prevent ourselves from bursting into laughter to see Voltaire in his shirt, dancing with passion, and addressing himself to the king of Prussia. "I'll go," said he, "yes, I'll go to teach him to know men;" and from that moment his journey was decided. I have suspected that the king of Prussia intentionally gave him this spur; and, without that, I doubt whether he would have gone, so angry was he at the refusal of the thousand pounds, not at all out of avarice, but out of indignation at not having obtained what he asked.

When I went to condole with him on the death of madame Duchatelet, his most beloved mistress, "Come," said he, on seeing me, "come and share my sorrow. I have lost my illustrious friend; I am in despair, I am inconsolable." I, to whom he had often said that she was a fury that haunted his steps, and who knew that in their disputes they had more than once been at daggers drawn, I let him weep, and seemed to sympathize with him. And there he was exhausting language in praise of that incomparable woman, and redoubling his tears and sobs. At this moment arrives the intendant Chauvelin, who tells him some ridiculous story, and with him Voltaire is bursting with laughter. I laughed too, as I went away, to see in this great man the facility of a child, in passing from one extreme to another in the passions that agitated him. One only was fixed in him, and, as it were, inherent in his soul: it was ambition and love of glory.

Nothing can be more singular, nor more original, than the reception Voltaire gave us at Ferney. He was in bed when we arrived. He



extended to us his arms; he wept for joy as he embraced me; he embraced the son of his old friend, Gaulard, with the same emotion. "You find me dying," said he; "do you come to restore me to life, or to receive my last sighs?" My companion was alarmed at this preface; but I, who had a hundred times heard Voltaire say he was dying, gave Gaulard a sign of encouragement. And, indeed, a moment afterward, the dying man, making us sit down by his bed-side, "My dear friend," said he, "how happy I am to see you! particularly at the moment when I have a man with me whom you will be charmed to hear. It is l'Ecluse, the surgeon-dentist of the late king of Poland, now the lord of an estate near Montargis, and who has been pleased to come to repair the irreparable teeth of madame Denis. He is a charming man: but don't you know him?"—"The only l'Ecluse that I know," answered I, "is an actor of the old opera-house."—"Tis he, my friend, 'tis he himself. If you know him, you have heard the song of the *Grinder*, that he plays and sings so well." And there was Voltaire instantly imitating l'Ecluse, and with his bare arms and sepulchral voice, playing the *Grinder*, and singing the song:

Oh! where can I put her?  
My sweet little girl!  
Oh! where can I put her?  
They'll steal her and——

We were bursting with laughter, and he quite serious: "I imitate him very ill," said he, "'tis l'Ecluse that you must hear, and his song of the *Spinner*! and that of the *Postilion*! and the quarrel of the *Apple-women with Vadé*! 'tis truth itself. Oh! you will be delighted. Go and speak to madame Denis. I, ill as I am, will get up to dine with you. We'll eat some wild-fowl, and we'll listen to l'Ecluse. The pleasure of seeing you has suspended my ills, and I feel myself quite revived."

Madame Denis received us with

that cordiality which made the charm of her character. She introduced l'Ecluse to us; and at dinner Voltaire engaged him, by the most flattering praises, to afford us the pleasure of hearing him. He displayed all his talents, and we appeared charmed with them. It was very requisite; for Voltaire would not have pardoned us a feeble applause.

He retired to his closet for a few hours; and in the evening, at supper, kings and their mistresses being the subject of our conversation, Voltaire, in comparing the spirit and gallantry of the old and new courts, displayed to us that rich memory which nothing interesting ever escaped. From madame de la Valliere to madame de Pompadour, the anecdotic history of the two reigns, and in the interval that of the regency, passed in review with a rapidity and a brilliancy of beauty and colouring that dazzled us. Yet he reproached himself with having stolen from l'Ecluse moments which, he said, he would have occupied more agreeably for us. He begged him to indemnify us by a few scenes of the *Apple-women*, and he laughed at them like a child.

He had sought glory by all the roads that are open to genius, and had deserved it by immense labours and brilliant successes. The arm of ridicule was the instrument of his vengeance, and he wielded it most fearfully and cruelly. But the greatest of blessings, repose, was unknown to him. It is true that envy at last appeared tired of the pursuit, and began to spare him on the brink of the grave. On his return to Paris, after a long exile, he enjoyed his renown, and the enthusiasm of a whole people, grateful for the pleasures that he had afforded them. The weak and last effort that he made to amuse them, *Irène*, was applauded as *Zaire* had been; and this representation, at which he was crowned, was for him the most delightful triumph. But at what moment did this tardy consolation reach him, the recompence of so much

watching! The next day I saw him in his bed. "Well," said I, "are you at last satiated with glory?" "Ah! my good friend," he replied, "you talk to me of glory, and I am dying in frightful torture!"

Such was the end of one of the most illustrious of all literary men; and one of the most engaging of all social companions. He was alive to injury, but so he was to friendship. That with which he honoured my youth, was unvaried till his death; and a last proof that he showed me of it was the reception, full of grace and kindness, which he gave my wife, when I presented her to him. His house was perpetually filled with the crowd that pressed to see him, and we were witnesses of the fatigue he gave himself to reply suitably to each. That continual attention exhausted his strength; and for his true friends it was a painful spectacle. But we were of his suppers, and there we enjoyed the last glimmerings of that brilliant intellect which was soon to be wholly extinguished.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

PROCESSION OF THE HOST, AT  
ROME.

*By Kotzebue.*

A STRIKING spectacle in the streets is, when the host is carried by priests to dying persons. We should, if possible, see this in an open place; for in the narrow streets it produces much less effect, I suppose. I live in the Largo del Castello, a very large square, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, sellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions, and spectators. Close by me is a puppet-show, at the entrance of which the owner stands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some steps farther is a fish-market, and directly opposite to me the main-guard house. I do not exaggerate when I say that

upwards of two thousand persons, besides the cattle, are usually assembled in this place. Suddenly the procession I have just mentioned appears: colours flying before, announce it to the eye; and the perpetual tingling of little bells, to the ear. It is surrounded by finely dressed priests, and often also by a military guard of honour; and clouds of frankincense ascend into the air before them. All the pious, whose road leads them this way, consider it a duty to follow the train, which, like a snow-ball, thus enlarges in its progress. The showman is directly silent; even the fish-women are perfectly still; not a sound escapes: all hats fly off, and thousands fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and cross themselves. The guards shoulder their arms, and a solemn tune is played as long as the procession is in sight.

In the night the spectacle is still grander. At every balcony, and let it be remembered that there is no window without a balcony, a light suddenly appears, and the darkness is converted, as it were by magic, into broad day; for every story is illuminated; and below in the street a number of rockets are lighted, which, with a whizzing and loud report, salute the solemn procession. As I pursue it into the next street, the sight varies in its singularity. At one moment all is perfect darkness; and the next, as the procession enters, the whole street, on both sides, assumes a brilliant aspect: and thus the light appears to fly from house to house, and from balcony to balcony, in the most rapid succession, till, in the same order, it by degrees vanishes again, and every thing returns to its former darkness.

I have frequently put the question to myself, whence comes it that this spectacle should fill me, who am a heretic, with a sort of awe, since I esteem it the greatest of all absurdities to believe that God can be carried in a box in the streets? I know not how to answer this otherwise than by the observation, that most

things affect our weak minds, which occupy and influence such a vast multitude of people at the same time. Who, for example, feels much pleasure in seeing a single soldier exercise only for five minutes? But put twenty thousand soldiers in a row, and it amuses us for hours.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

POMPEII.

*By the Same.*

A GREAT and rich town, that, after lying eighteen centuries in a deep grave, is again shone on by the sun, and stands amidst other cities, as much a stranger as any one of its former inhabitants would be among his posterity of the present day;—such a town has not its equal in the world. The feelings which seized me at its gate may be very faintly expressed by words, but admit, indeed, of no adequate representation. My foot now steps on the same pavement as was trodden on eighteen hundred years ago: the tracks of the wheels are still visible which then rolled over it. An elevated path runs by the side of the houses, for foot-passengers; and that they might, in rainy weather, pass commodiously over to the opposite side, large flat stones, three of which take up the width of the road, were laid at a distance from each other. As the carriages, in order to avoid these stones, were obliged to use the intermediate spaces, the tracks of the wheels are there most visible. The whole pavement is in good condition: it consists merely of considerable pieces of lava, which, however, are not cut, as at present, into squares, and may have been on that account the more durable.

What must have been the feelings of the Pompeians, when the roaring of the mountain and the quaking of the earth waked them from their first sleep! They attempted also to escape the wrath of the Gods;

and, seizing the most valuable things they could lay their hands upon, in the darkness and confusion, to seek their safety in flight. In this street, and before the house that is marked with the friendly salutation on its threshold, seven skeletons were found: the first carried a lamp, and the rest had still between the bones of their fingers something that they wished to save. On a sudden they were overtaken by the storm that descended from heaven, and sunk into the grave thus made for them. Before the above-mentioned country house was still a male skeleton standing with a dish in his hand; and as on his finger he wore one of those rings that were allowed to be worn only by Roman knights, he is supposed to have been the master of the house, who had just opened the back garden gate with the intent of flying, when the shower overwhelmed him. Several skeletons were found in the very posture in which they had breathed their last, without being forced by the agonies of death to drop the things which they had in their hands.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE FORCE OF NOVELTY.

ONE primary source of pleasure to the human mind, both in its acts of perception and conception, is novelty. This is felt most evidently by children; and often so exquisitely, that the pleasures of association, however cultivated in after life, never equals them. But, as we grow up, the mind becomes callous to mere novelty; or rather, from experience, scarcely any thing seems new. Stronger stimulants must be applied, to excite its jaded sensibility, and supply, drop by drop, that delight which flowed in a constant stream on the cheerfulness of youth.

There is a refined degree of novelty, which acts in a lively manner on the mind, and often, by sympathy, on the nerves; for which we may



venture to coin the name of *unexpectedness*. This character must naturally consist in sudden change, whether in the course of our sensations, or of our ideas.

There is another primary source of pleasure to the mind; which is *repose*. It is chiefly by the alternate operations of the love of ease and of activity that the complicated machine of man is wrought up to what it is. "Les hommes ont un instinct secret," says the wild and melancholy Pascal, "qui les porte à chercher le divertissement et l'occupation au dehors, qui vient du ressentiment de leur misere continuelle. Et ils ont un autre instinct, qui reste de la grandeur de leur premiere nature, qui leur fait connoître, que le bonheur n'est en effet que dans le repos." It is to the pleasure of repose that we refer some part of that which arises from uniformity, symmetry, and fitness, though much undoubtedly depends upon association, where the mind anticipates the cause of its perceptions, and lets them pass without effort or laborious attention. And this is perhaps the secret link, which connects the sentiment of beauty with mathematical theorems, or mechanical contrivances. How differently the mind is affected by what has the character of unexpectedness, and what, on the contrary, keeps the imagination in repose, has often been illustrated with respect to visible nature, and the art of painting. One must be deaf, or averse to the "concord of sweet sounds," who is not aware of the use which is made, in music, of the two principles, unexpectedness and repose, and of the difference in the states of feeling which they produce. Let any man compare the character of a lively spirited movement, full of change and transition, which strike any ear in the general effect, though only a microscopic one, to use as bad a term as picturesque, can distinguish them in detail, with that of such music as is described in the following lines; lines which, had they, and those among which

they stand, been found in Lucretius, would have been classed with the loftiest efforts of his genius.

Ac veluti melicæ voces, quando auribus  
sese  
Insinuant, animæque resignant mollia  
claustra,  
Composueré metus omneis, faciuntque  
dolorum  
Obliviscier, ac dulci languescere leto.

What answers to picturesqueness in poetry and eloquence is the quality called *animation*; which often gives a charm to incorrect writing, that more faultless productions cannot reach; and which, though of a subtle and undefinable nature, will often be found to resolve itself into unexpectedness.

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#### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### USE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE use of the fine arts seems to be this: when men are altogether barbarous and ignorant, it is of much importance to prevail with them to exert their faculties with regard even to the most trifling objects. A marvellous tale told them in a song produces this effect. All the efforts of the fine arts are adapted to the passions. It is necessary they should be so to excite the attention of barbarians. They have only an indirect tendency, therefore, to render mankind rational. They foster and soothe the passions of love, ambition, and vanity; but they also teach men to admire skill and ability, and to take delight in something else than war, gaming, gluttony, and idleness, which are the vices of all savages. As succeeding artists improve upon each other, their countrymen become more discerning and skilful, till at last a great proportion of mankind learn to take delight in the exertion of thought, and in the pursuits of literature and of knowledge. When this object is accomplished,

the fine arts have done their duty ; and an important duty it is, seeing they are the means of alluring the human race to the pursuit of intellectual improvement. In themselves, however, and without regard to this object, they are of little real value ; for a man is not a more excellent being when his ears are tickled by music, than when he hears it not ; and we derive no greater improvement from an important truth, when it is conveyed to us in rhyme, than when it is conveyed in prose. To be a good judge of painting or of music, a man must no doubt possess a certain degree of intellect ; but this degree is so moderate, and is capable of being acquired in so many other ways in a literary age, that the production of it, by means of these arts, affords no adequate reward for their laborious cultivation.

In Scotland, for two hundred years past, they have had almost none of these arts. They have no splendid musical establishments. They have banished music from their religion ; and it is little valued either by the enterprising or the speculative part of the nation. They have had a few good painters, but little attention has been paid to their works. They have few collections of paintings ; and their most intelligent men have no knowledge of the beauties of the art, and give it none of their attention. Their poets have also been few ; because poetry is held in little estimation, and the cultivation of the art is accounted a waste of time that produces no respectability.

Yet the Scots are so far from being a barbarous people, that their country has been one of the most fertile nurseries of intelligent and accomplished men. Not only are those who remain at home of a sober and well-informed character, but crowds of well educated and active young men are daily issuing forth to all quarters of the globe ; and by their literature and their assiduity, obtaining possession of important stations in every country. It is evident, therefore, that in mo-

dern times at least, as high a degree of civilization and of intellectual improvement as has yet appeared in the world, may exist where the fine arts are almost entirely neglected.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

CHARACTER OF LUTHER.

*By Roscoe.*

IN order to form a proper estimate of the conduct and character of Luther, it is necessary to consider him in two points of view. First, as an opponent to the haughty claims and gross abuses of the Roman see ; and, secondly, as the founder of a new church, over which he may be said to have presided till his death, in 1546, a period of nearly thirty years. In the former capacity we find him endeavouring to substitute the authority of reason and of scripture for that of councils and of popes, and contending for the utmost latitude in the perusal and construction of the sacred writings, which, as he expressed it, could not be chained, but were open to the interpretation of every individual. For this great and daring attempt he was peculiarly qualified. A consciousness of his own integrity, and the natural intrepidity of his mind, enabled him not only to brave the most violent attacks of his adversaries, but to treat them with a degree of derision and contempt, which seemed to prove the superiority of his cause. Fully sensible of the importance and dignity of his undertaking, he looked with equal eyes on all worldly honours and distinctions ; and emperors, and pontiffs, and kings, were regarded by him as men and as equals, who might merit his respect or incur his resentment, merely as they were inclined to promote or obstruct his views. Nor was he more firm against the stern voice of authority, than against the blandishments of flattery, and the softening influence of real or pretended friend-

ship. The various attempts which were made to induce him to relax in his opposition, seem in general to have confirmed, rather than shaken his resolution; and if at any time he showed a conciliatory disposition, it was only a symptom that his opposition would soon be carried to a greater length. The warmth of his temperament, seldom, however, prevented the exercise of his judgment; and the various measures to which he resorted for securing popularity to his cause, were the result of a thorough knowledge of the great principles of human nature, and of the peculiar state of the times in which he lived. The injustice and absurdity of resorting to violence, instead of convincing the understanding by argument, were shown by him in the strongest light. Before the imperial diet he asserted his own private opinion, founded, as he maintained, on reason and scripture, against all the authorities of the Roman church; and the important point which he incessantly laboured to establish, was the right of private judgment in matters of faith. To the defence of this proposition, he was at all times ready to devote his learning, his talents, his repose, his character, and his life; and the great and imperishable merit of this reformer, consists in his having demonstrated it by such arguments, as neither the efforts of his adversaries, nor his own subsequent conduct, have been able either to refute or invalidate.

As the founder of a new church, the character of Luther appears in a very different light. After having effected a separation from the see of Rome, there yet remained the still more difficult task of establishing such a system of religious faith and worship, as, without admitting the exploded doctrines of the papal church, would prevent that licentiousness which, it was supposed, would be the consequence of removing all ecclesiastical restraints. In this task, Luther engaged with a resolution equal to that with which he had braved the authority of the Ro-

mish church; but with this remarkable difference, that, in one case, he effected his purpose by strenuously insisting on the right of private judgment in matters of faith, while in the other, he succeeded by broaching new doctrines, to which he expected that all those who espoused his cause should implicitly submit.

The opinions of Luther on certain points were fixed and unalterable. The most important of these were the doctrine of the real presence in the eucharist, and the justification of mankind by faith alone. Whoever assented not to these propositions was not of his church; and though he was ready, on all occasions, to employ arguments from scripture in defence of his tenets, yet, when these proved insufficient, he seldom hesitated to resort to more violent measures. This was fully exemplified in his conduct towards his friend Carlostadt, who not being able to distinguish between the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation and that of the real presence of Christ in the sacrament, believed, with Zuinglius, that the bread and the wine were only the symbols, and not the actual substance, of the body and blood of Christ. Luther, however, maintained his opinion with the utmost obstinacy; the dispute gave birth to several violent publications, till Luther, who was now supported by the secular power, obtained the banishment of Carlostadt, who was at length reduced to the necessity of earning his bread by his daily labour. The unaccommodating adherence of Luther to this opinion, raised also an insuperable bar to the union of the Helvetic and German reformers; and to such an uncharitable length did he carry his resentment against those who denied the real presence, that he refused to admit the Swiss, and the German cities and states, which had embraced the tenets of Zuinglius and Bucer, into the confederacy for the defence of the protestant church; choosing rather to risk the total destruction of his cause, than



to avail himself of the assistance of those who did not concur with him in every particular.

*For the Literary Magazine.*

MORAL AND PHYSICAL SUBLIMITY COMPARED.

THERE are certain passages in the works of poets and orators, which produce in the mind a feeling of elevation, and a sort of swelling and energetic transport, very distinct in its nature from the pleasure which tender, elegant, or beautiful passages impart.

If we examine the media in nature or art, which give rise to these feelings, they will appear to fall under two heads; the moral, and the physical, sublime. Taking the moral sentiments of mankind as we find them, without dispute about their foundation, it is safe to say, that we do in fact admire all remarkable instances of magnanimity and disinterestedness, and by sympathy assume the character, and consequently the feelings, of those who display them. These feelings are what we call elevated, and therefore sublime.

Again, power is what we all grasp at; and sympathy, with the exertion of superior power, of which knowledge is a mode, gives us a sense of self-gratulation and energy. The moral sublime, then, consists in the display of energies exerted by intelligent beings; and our sense of the sublime in sympathy with these energies. A striking instance of the unmixed moral sublime is in the famous lines of Lucan:

Ille Deo plenus, tacitâ quem mente gerebat,

Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces:  
Quid quaeri, Labiene, jubes? an liber in armis

Occubuisse velim potius, quam regna videre?

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An noceat vis nulla bono? fortunaque perdat

Oppositâ virtute minas? laudandaque velle.

Sit satis, et nunquam successu crescat honestum?

Scimus, et hæc nobis non altius inseret Hammon.

Similar sentiments of grandeur and elevation are excited by the physical sublime; that is, by the great objects of nature; mountains, cataracts, tempests, the ocean, the celestial luminaries, the expanse of boundless space; and by the description of these in poetry. Under the physical sublime, too, may be ranked such works of human art and labour, as emulate the scale of nature; as the wall of China, or the pyramids of Egypt. Mr. Burke and some other writers have almost confined their induction to this species of the sublime. Yet the peculiar feelings of sublimity are by no means so strongly excited by any inanimate objects, as by direct sympathy with the moral energies of mind.

The spirit of the cape, in Camoens, who, encircled with storms, rears his menacing front against the bold adventurer, whose prow was turned towards those untravelled seas, passes for sublime with those, at least, who are not aware for how small a bounty a dæmon may be had, ready armed and accoutred, by any recruiting subaltern of the muses; but far more truly sublime was that intrepid energy of soul, which led Vasco di Gama beyond the bounds of former discovery, to assert the dominion of man over the winds and the waves.

The majesty of nature sinks to nothing in comparison with the exercise of heroism and virtue. When did the magnificent scenery of the Alps, with its rocks piled on rocks, its resounding cataracts, its gulfs and precipices, present such elevating images to the mind, as when Aloys Reding, on the plain of Morgarten, with firm, but despairing valour, led a few militia of Schwitz against the disciplined battalions of

the French, and, by an unexpected victory, renewed, after the lapse of five centuries, the trophies, which had been gained on that very spot, in defence of the liberties of Switzerland?

The finest passages in poetry are those, wherein the moral and physical sublime are united. Grand natural objects seem, if we may so say, the best vehicle of energetic moral sympathies. The Hebrew scriptures are confessedly the great repositories of the poetical sublime; and they commonly produce their effect, by investing divine power with the most magnificent images. Their obscurity, likewise, is a very efficient cause of the sublime, by expanding to the utmost our conception of power. To this may be ascribed the sublimity of prophetic poetry; as in the whole book of Nahum, or the speeches of Cassandra, in the Agamemnon. After the Hebrew poets come Homer, Æschylus, Shakespeare, and Milton.—There is hardly any more striking instance of the united moral and physical sublime, than the concluding lines of the Prometheus. The highest sort of eloquence rejects poetical imagery, and aims almost exclusively at the moral sublime. The public orations of Demosthenes are full of this: and those in whom the higher class of moral feelings, fortitude, perseverance, public spirit, and disinterestedness, are extinct or lukewarm, may read Demosthenes for ever, without discovering why he has been admired. For the subordinate merits of his orations, a felicitous and appropriate choice of words, and a management of sounds, almost as artificial as that of music, are lost upon us at present.

In the mere physical sublime, the notion of mental energies is not so directly suggested. Yet it will be found to be the foundation of our sentiments of sublimity, in this, as much as in the other branch. "Besides those things," says Mr. Burke, "which directly suggest the idea of danger, and those which produce a similar effect from a mechanical

cause, I know of nothing sublime, which is not some modification of power." But power without mind is not only unphilosophical, but inconceivable.

The sublime of natural objects, after the first effect of *unexpectedness* is over, leaves a kind of disappointment, a vacuity and want of satisfaction on the mind. It is not till our imaginations have infused life, and therefore power, into the still mass of nature, that we feel real emotions of sublimity. This we do, sometimes by impersonating the inanimate objects themselves; sometimes by associating real or fancied beings with the scenes which we behold. This is that, which distinguishes the delight of a rich and refined imagination, amidst the grandest scenery of Wales or Scotland, from the rude stare of a London cockney. The one sees mere rocks and wildernesses, and sighs in secret for Whitechapel: the other acknowledges in every mountain a tutelary genius of the land, and peoples every glen with the heroes of former times; defends the passage of Killcranky with Dundee; or rushes with Caractacus from the heights of Snowdon.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### FRENCH TRAVELLERS.

SO great is the solicitude of the French to obtain that species of information which tends to promote their success in war, that it manifests itself on every occasion. They instruct their agents and commissioners to make surveys of those countries into which they are admitted; that, whenever they assume a hostile attitude, they may know the most vulnerable part of the country which they meditate to invade. Their topography is directed to military plans and operations, and is not confined to the discriminating aspect and features of a district. "War is indeed their business,"

and every thing seems to be made subservient to this destructive pursuit. While the picturesque and idle traveller is absorbed in the admiration of the beauties and sublimities of nature, the Frenchman contemplates them with the eye of an engineer; and he regards torrents and lakes, mountains, rocks, and gorges, only as the materials of fortification. Men who travel for the sake of taking or admiring landscapes, of indulging patriotic speculations on the seats of the mountain-nymph, Liberty, of surveying pastoral manners and employments, have always considered Switzerland and Tyrol as their favourite haunts. What will such travellers, and readers like such travellers, say to the following picture of the last mentioned province given by a famous French traveller?

"By its situation and its natural obstacles this province might be considered as the *salient bastion* of the Austrian monarchy, of which the Italian *Adige* and the *Inn* of the plain are the *curtains*; the *Inn* of the mountains, the *fosse*; the Voralberg, the *glacis*; and *Lindau*, the *advanced work*."

C.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

CONNOISSEURSHIP, AND ITS PLEASURES.

IT is certain that the same impression is made by a picture on the retina of an ignorant person and of a connoisseur; and yet, from an acquired habit of attending separately to the objects of perception, the latter will observe, and, in a popular sense, may be said to see, what wholly escapes the notice of the other. Imitation is one of the most universal sources of pleasure, derived from association; and the pleasures which the ignorant derive from mere imitation are more keen than those which the learned receive from the noblest productions of art.

These feelings of nature, however, are of short duration: for when the novelty of the first impression is over, and the interest of curiosity and surprise has subsided, mere imitation of common objects becomes trifling and insipid; and men look for, in imitative art, something of character and expression, which may awaken sympathy, excite new ideas, or expand and elevate those already formed. To produce this, requires a knowledge of mind, as well as of body; and of the interior, as well as exterior construction of the human frame, or of whatever else be the object of imitation; whence art become engrafted upon science: and as all the exertions of human skill and ingenuity are indefinitely progressive, and never stop at that point which they originally aimed at, this art of science, or science of art, has been extended, particularly in painting and music, to the production of excellences, which are neither of imitation nor expression, but which peculiarly belong to technical skill, and can only be relished or perceived by those who have acquired a certain degree of knowledge in those arts. Such are, in general, the compositions of *bravura*, as they are called, in music; and such, in painting, the works of the great Venetian painters, whose style of imitation is extremely inaccurate; whose expression is never either dignified or forcible; and whose colouring is too much below that of nature to please the mere organs of sense; but whose productions have nevertheless always held the highest rank in the art; and, as far as the mere art and science of painting are concerned, are unquestionably among its most perfect productions. The taste for them, however, is, as sir J. Reynolds has observed, entirely acquired, and acquired by the association of ideas: for, as great skill and power, and a masterly facility of execution, in any liberal art, raise our admiration, and consequently excite pleasing and exalted ideas, we, by a natural and imperceptible process of the mind, associate these



ideas with those excited by the productions of these arts, and thus transfer the merit of the workman to the work.

One distinction might be made with respect to our admiration of technical skill. Our sympathy with natural or acquired command of the bodily powers is very different from that which we feel with intellectual ability, and indeed can hardly be reckoned within the province of taste. Hence mere powers of voice in bravura singing, and mere feats of strength and activity in stage-dancing, neither afford such pleasure, nor excite such admiration in men of taste, as the display of mental energies, regulating as well as co-operating with those of the body. If to surmount that difficulty of execution, which is simply physical, be a title to the admiration of the lover of art, let us remember that no dancing is so difficult as that which is performed upon a rope, and the ventriloquist and the conjurer may expect to sit down on the same bench with Haydn and Titian.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

VOLCANIC FISH.

THE volcanoes in the kingdom of Quito, says Humboldt, present, from time to time, a different spectacle, less alarming, indeed, though not less curious to the naturalist. The grand explosions are periodical, but not very frequent. The Cotopaxi, the Tunguragua, and the Sangay do not experience one of these eruptions in the course of twenty or thirty years; but, in the intervals, they discharge enormous quantities of argillaceous mud, and, which is more surprising, immense quantities of *fish*. These volcanic inundations did not take place in the year which I passed on the Andes of Quito: but ejection of fish is so common, and so generally known to the inhabitants of the country, that there remains not the least

doubt of the fact; and as these regions contain many well-informed persons, I have been able to obtain exact drawings of these fish. *M. de Larrea*, who is versed in the study of chemistry, and who has formed a cabinet of the minerals of his country, has been very useful to me in these researches. In the archives of several little towns in the vicinity of Cotopaxi, I have found some notes respecting the fish thrown out by the volcanoes. On the estates of the marquis de *Selvaligree*, the Cotopaxi emitted so great a quantity of them, that their putrefaction diffused a fœtid odour all around. The almost extinct volcano of Imbaburu, in the year 1691, vomited some millions of them on the fields which surround the city of Ibarra; and the putrid fevers, which commenced at this period, were attributed to the miasmata, which exhaled from these fish, lying in heaps on the surface of the ground, and exposed to the action of the sun. In more recent times, the Imbaburu has ejected fish; and when, on June 19, 1698, the volcano of Cargneirazo subsided, thousands of these animals, entangled in argillaceous mud, issued from the top, which was shaken down.

The Cotopaxi and Tunguragua sometimes throw out fish at the crater which is at the top of these mountains, and sometimes at the lateral openings, but constantly at a height of 5200 yards (nearly three miles) above the level of the sea. Some Indians have assured me that the fish which issued from the volcanoes were sometimes alive when they came down the sides of the mountain: but this fact is not sufficiently confirmed: it is however certain that, among the thousands of dead fish which in the course of a few hours are seen descending from Cotopaxi with large quantities of cold and soft water, very few of them are so much disfigured as to induce the belief that they have been exposed to the action of a strong heat. This fact becomes more striking when we consider the soft flesh

of these animals, and the thick smoke which this volcano emits at the same time. I took great pains to ascertain the species of these animals. All the inhabitants agree that they are the same with those that are found in the streams which run at the foot of these volcanoes, and which they call *pirennadillas*; which is also the only kind of fish to be found at a height of 8,400 feet in the waters of the kingdom of Quito.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

REMARKS ON THE DISTINCTIONS  
BETWEEN OPERA AND TRAGEDY.

THE Greek tragedy was a religious act, directed and regulated by the priests. It was a representation of the most striking parts of their mythology, and exhibited to view awful and marvellous instances of the vengeance of heaven against heinous crimes. It described the errors into which men were led by the passions when unsubdued. In exciting terror or tenderness, the poet was solely desirous to inspire the people with a love of virtue, and a horror of vice. Therefore, in order to give us just notions of the Greek tragedy, we must compare the ancient dramas not with those of Otway and Racine, but rather with the religious representations intitled *the Plays of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ*.

The principal object of the Greek tragedy was religious instruction. The poets and priests of Greece deemed it not sufficient to present an exhibition in which vice was punished, and virtue rewarded; they saw it was farther necessary, for the sake of the multitude, to intermix with the course of events maxims and moral sentences; without which the crowd, opening its eyes and ears, but not its understanding, would not have derived from them the advantages proposed.

I have seen, in a catholic country, a representation of the passion of our Saviour exhibited in a church at the great altar; at the conclusion of each mystery, a person delivered discourses suitable to the subject which had been displayed; and sometimes he would interrupt the representation in order to introduce remarks applicable to what was taking place. Such was very nearly the province of the chorus in the ancient tragedy; which was to tragedy what the *air* is to the Italian operas; it was the substance of that which had been exhibited, accompanied with such reflections as they wished to be made by the audience.

The chorus considerably obstructed the illusion: but this illusion, though desirable, is an inferior consideration when the principal view is instruction. Consider the fables of Æsop; what is so improbable as the speeches of beasts? So much the better for the fable; it shines and strikes the more.

In order to assist the chorus, which was the most important object of the Greek tragedy, it was accompanied by more intense and animated music, and in consequence made use of the lyric metre. The iambic verse, which proceeded very nearly like prose, perfectly suited the recitative: but for this reason its effect was inconsiderable; whereas the short and lively measure of the lyric verse, and its division into strophes and antistrophes gave it more action and warmth, and rendered it more easily retained.

It follows from these observations on the chorus of the Greeks, that the genuine airs of the Italian operas, or rather the airs of Metastasio, are the true chorus, with this difference, that, in the modern drama, the actor himself, who at the end of the scene makes the epilogue, determines the sentiment fit for his situation, and explains the morality which it teaches; whereas in the ancient pieces the same part is filled by a separate personage.

Euripides and Metastasio have both written the recitative in verses approaching to prose, and the chorus and the airs in sonorous and lyrical verses: both have divided the air into first and second parts, strophes, and antistrophes; both have disengaged the recitative from moral maxims, in order to introduce them in the chorus or the airs; and both have produced the same effect. They have, in truth, each relaxed the interest felt, by weakening the illusion: but they have carried farther the moral sentiments, and more deeply impressed the mind of the hearer with them. Not ten men in Italy can recite a single stanza of the recitative of the exquisite modern Roman dramatist, while scarcely one is unable to chant three or four hundred of his airs. The same was the case with Euripides; all antiquity bears witness to the fact.

The French and English tragedies are of a sort totally different; forming a mean between the dialogue and the chorus. The versification of these is neither sufficiently prosaic, nor sufficiently poetic; it can neither be sung nor spoken. The Italian recitative, as the Greek iambics formerly did, resists music properly so called: but the airs, like the ancient chorus, can only be sung, for such is the nature of lyric verse. In our formal tragedies, the moral reflections are neither reserved for the end of the scene, nor sung by the chorus: but they are mixed with the dialogue, which is thus deprived of animation and precision.

I presume not to determine which of these two styles is to be preferred; whether that of Euripides and Metastasio, or that of Corneille and Racine, of Otway or Rowe. Each has its defects and advantages. The latter possess more interest, while the Greek and the Italian are more instructive. The illusion also is better preserved in the former; it is true that the versification makes the dialogue seem unnatural, but, as this pervades the whole drama, the defect is less felt. The Greek and

Italian recitatives are nature itself: but the divisions into which they are broken, by the chorus and the airs, materially impair the probability. The action is sometimes very animated, and sometimes very languid. In fine, the Greek and Italian tragedies have recourse to music instead of excluding it, while the French and English performances solely rely on their own proper strength and effect.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ROYAL CONVERSATION.

COUNT BESENVAL, who spent a long life at court, makes the following just observations on the errors and vices which are generally the lot of kings. These remarks are apposite in proportion to the despotism of the government; but they are true, though in different degrees, of all men placed in authority.

Society charms at first, and it is grateful to kings to be allowed to be familiar, while the royal favour crowns the wishes of the courtier: but there is no intimacy which is attended with more inconveniences, nor which is subject to more vicissitudes. An unfounded disadvantageous rumour may hurt a man in society, but there his judges are more considerate, as being subject to similar inconveniences, and as being in the habit of estimating the credit due to such reports; kings, on the contrary, so much separated from the rest of the world, cannot enter into this calculation; and they resign themselves absolutely to the public voice, to that of their mistresses, confessors, or their society, if they have any.

Sovereigns are men, and as such more disposed to yield to unfavourable than to good impressions. Often with them a word is sufficient to impair the reputation of a person, to put a stop to his good fortune, and even to ruin him. Let it, then, be judged under what conti-



nual constraint an honest and honourable man must be placed, who enjoys the familiarity of kings, unless he constantly restricts himself to the inglorious part of applauding, excusing, or of being silent.

With kings there is no subject of conversation. We certainly are not to speak of politics to them, nor of the news of the day; neither can administration be made the topic. Many events, which happen in society, cannot be related to them; and not a word must be said to them on religion, of which they are the guardians.

Former wars, ancient history, facts which are even but little remote, sciences, belles lettres might furnish conversation, but where are the courtiers who are conversant with these points? The kings also are not numerous, to whom this strain would be intelligible. The subjects, then, for this high converse must be supplied by common-place affairs, the theatres, and the chase. Let us not persuade ourselves that we can interest kings by flattering their taste, since they rarely have any. They find so much facility in gratifying it, that it passes before they have even fully enjoyed it. In order to taste pleasures, we must combat contrarieties, surmount difficulties, and feel privations. The love of war or the chase can alone place kings in this situation; and we always see the one or the other of these form their ruling passion; the love of war has possession of those of an elevated disposition, while the chase is the pursuit when the mind is of the ordinary standard.

Since the regard for kings cannot be otherwise than selfish, suspicion becomes the basis of their character; and this feeling renders intimate connections impossible. Accustomed to homage, they believe that all is due to them, and that nothing is due from them. The courtier who is most injured by them must redouble his attentions, lest his imperious master should suspect that he resents the treatment, charge him with insolence, drive him from his

presence, and thus cut him off from the hopes which his whole life has been employed to realize. Let not kings be censured; it is the very nature of their station, the cupidity and baseness of all who surround them that we ought to condemn. It is the first duty of a sovereign to maintain good order; he watches over it every moment restrains those who would disturb it, and sometimes sacrifices his own inclinations for its preservation. This sort of occupation is not favourable to grand thoughts, but it insures tranquillity, without which there is no enjoyment.

The circumstance, which has ever appeared to me the most irksome in the society of kings, is that of having no will but theirs, of sacrificing one's pleasures and affairs to the lightest of their caprices, and with a submission and a readiness which exclude from the compliance every idea of merit. When it is also considered that the restraint of the most profound respect continually affects all that is said and done, even in the freest moments, it will be admitted that the jealousy and enmity which are ever the appendages of royal favour are dearly purchased. It is a mistake to suppose that this familiarity with the monarch enables a man to solicit favours: for he must on no account presume to do this, or he runs the utmost risk of being for ever undone.

It is a great question whether it is best that kings should cultivate society, or should shut themselves up in their palaces, and never appear but when surrounded with splendour and form. If, on the one hand, society meliorates the character of kings, presents them with a view of those ties which unite men, and of the reciprocal duties which that union requires, the difference between the education of the sovereign and that of private individuals gives the latter the advantage in this intercourse; and this commerce also acquaints the subjects with the imperfections and defects

of the monarch ; thus inducing an unfavourable opinion, the greatest misfortune perhaps that can befall a state. When kings, then, lay aside their grandeur, should they conceal themselves from the view of their subjects, and they should be regarded by them as those mysterious personages to whom they only owe homage ? Let a wiser head than mine decide this question, with respect to courtiers. I subscribe to the opinion implied in the saying of Henry IV, *Happy the country gentleman who lives on his estate, and who does not know me !*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

WHY DID GREECE EXCEL IN  
THE ARTS ?

AMONG all the wonders recorded in the history of human improvement, none is more striking, or has more perplexed the ingenuity of the learned, than the vast superiority once attained by the Greeks in the imitative arts. Many of their productions, which have happily withstood the destructive efforts of time and barbarism, are still unrivalled ; and for all the real elegance and taste which Europe now possesses, we are indebted to the ideas which they have communicated. Rome, before her acquaintance with Greece, displayed nothing in painting, statuary, and architecture, which merited any praise ; and we need not go far back to be convinced that the productions of the chisel in modern times were rude and mis-shapen, till artists began to study the science and to copy the models of the Greeks. It is certainly interesting to inquire into the causes which contributed to raise the petty states of ancient Greece to a degree of excellence in the arts, which has rarely been equalled and never surpassed ; which was matter of admiration to the Romans in the most splendid æra of their republic ; and which modern Europeans, after the

lapse of many centuries, are contemplating with almost despairing astonishment.

Were the ancient Greeks a peculiar *species* of men, or was the climate of their country singularly propitious to the exertions of genius ? Neither. Since Zeuxis, Apelles, Lysippus, Phydias, and Praxiteles flourished, more than twenty centuries have elapsed : but it is remarkable that, after the disappearance of the circumstances under which they lived, the subsequent ages became ages of barrenness ; and Greece has long been as barbarous as any of those nations on whom, in the days of her splendour, she conferred this degrading epithet.

We are indebted, probably, to the mild climate of Attica for the preservation of the works of the ancient Greeks, which in a more variable and corrosive atmosphere must long ago have inevitably perished : but it cannot be supposed that the people owed their inventive genius, and the correctness and sublimity of their taste, to the purity and elasticity of the air. The climate of Greece remains the same, but the glory of the Greeks is departed.

The brilliant æra of their polite arts was also that of their literature. The poets and orators of Greece associated with her painters, sculptors, and statuary. While her philosophers and legislators regulated the commonwealth, and her heroes bled in its defence, she was immortalized by the verses of her poets and by the tools of her artists. It is reasonable, therefore, to imagine that this common exuberance of genius must have originated in a common source.

Neither forms of government nor of religion could alone produce the wonderful effect ; and even a general view of their combined operation will scarcely impress the mind with a conviction of the truth. We must have lived in the age of Grecian glory ; we must have witnessed the enthusiasm excited by Homer, and those poets whom his muse may be said to have inspired ; we must

have caught the ardour and emulation produced by popular governments and institutions; we must have been present at the Olympic and Isthmian games; and we must have been spectators of the pomp and splendour of their religion, which was aided by all the fascination of an elegant mythology; in order to feel a portion of that *momentum* by which genius of every kind was powerfully impelled to the sublimest exertions, and by which the arts were advanced to the greatest perfection.

Most of the ancient poets were born in the smiling isles of the Grecian Archipelago, which fable has embellished with its most seducing delusions, or in the vicinity of Attica; but no moral influence can be inferred from the beautiful, sublime, or picturesque circumstances of a country, on its inhabitants; for, on that principle, all countries which present the sublime and the beautiful in strong contrast, and especially islands, which, in addition to rural and romantic scenery, enjoy the prospect of Neptune's "salt wave," ought to abound in celebrated poets and artists.

The democracy of the Greeks will serve but partially to account for their superiority in the arts. The public games celebrated in Greece, and their anthropomorphic religion, probably contributed more than any other circumstance to the perfect exhibition of the human form, and to the study of ideal beauty. Their mythology represented men raised to the honours of divinity; and their artists employed the utmost stretch of their genius, in giving to those images which were worshipped in their temples a form and an appearance surpassing all human realities. Of the painter and the statuary it was required to embody the fictions of the poet, and to give grandeur and solemnity to the ceremonies of the priest. Not only the temple, the altar, and the tripod, but even the god himself, was created by the skill of the artist. We may judge, then, how

highly his powers must have been estimated, and to what a pitch all his abilities must have been exerted, to bestow on a religion of *spectacle* the most striking effect. In endeavouring to exhibit gods of the most attractive forms, he was obliged attentively to study the human figure, and to combine together beauties which never perhaps were united in any one individual. Artists therefore laboured to surpass one another in this admirable department of their art. Employed in the creation of divinities, and in the representation of their actions, their works seemed to be the result of inspiration; perfection was their aim; and they never ceased till perfection was accomplished.

After they had excelled in the formation of gods, it was easy to execute the statues of men, and to flatter the great by giving to their figures the resemblance of particular deities. Thus, in the idolatrous systems of ancient Greece, with which all the human passions were intimately combined; in her political customs and institutions; and in the events of her history, which brought into vivid action the most noble powers of the mind; we may perhaps discover those circumstances which peculiarly fostered the arts.

Other countries have, indeed, abounded in sacred mythologies; and Egypt in particular, the cradle of Grecian science, though professing a religion which equally addressed itself to the senses, and endeavouring to create an effect on the people by visible representations, never produced artists like those of Greece. The mythology of Egypt, however, was not so propitious to true genius as that of Attica; Egypt could not have a Homer; her religion delighted more in stupendous and emblematic, than in beautiful and chaste forms; and moreover the nature of her government was not calculated, like that of the Greeks, to bring into action all the intellectual energies of her people. During the period of Grecian glory, all that was great in man, all that contri-



buted to exalt his powers, and to kindle every spark of genius, was cherished by the rarest and most happy concurrence of events.—Greece was a little universe; and a single city there presented, within the period of ten years, more interesting scenes and greater characters than all Asia, in the course of ten centuries.

Italy, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, assumed, in some degree, a rivalry with Greece; and may not her eminence in sculpture and painting be, in some degree, ascribed to similar forms of religion? The catholic faith, by allowing divine honours to be paid to the images, in marble and on canvas, of the christian saints and martyrs, afforded exactly the same kind of stimulus to the genius of artists, already described to exist in the spirit of the Greek mythology.

Y.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

SKETCH OF THE FRENCH PARLIAMENTS.

THE feudal powers of the lords, and the prerogatives of the governors of provinces and of cities, troubled the order of society, prevented civil subordination, and obstructed the course of justice. When cardinal *de Richelieu* broke down whatever confined the power of the crown, why he did suffer the pretensions of the parliament to continue? Did he consider that court as a depositary of the acts of government; and the act of registering as necessary to give them validity? Did he wish to leave the nation the shadow of a barrier, whose future efficacy against the will of the monarch he did not foresee? We can hardly pretend to guess what the consideration was, which determined a mind so arbitrary as that of the cardinal, to suffer any check on absolute power to remain in the constitution.

Formerly, the monarchs in person administered justice: but at a very early period they empowered the principal lords to supply their place. These chiefs, of whom the greater number could not read and write, were ignorant of the forms which regulated civil and criminal proceedings; and it was to inform them of these rules, that they were attended by *legists*; who had no deliberative voice, were seated on inferior benches, and never spoke but when required. The wants of the treasury occasioned the sale of their places, and they were appointed assessors to the lords; who, making a poor figure by the side of their assistants, fatigued by the length and intricacy of the proceedings, and called away by war and other avocations, soon ceased to attend, and the whole proceedings were left to the men of the robe. The parliament was a body of such a nature that it might easily assume consistency. As the dispenser of justice, it engaged attention and deference from all, and it was also the depositary of the archives of the nation. In times of civil war, the parliament, according to the part which it took, was either the support or the subverter of the throne. In a minority, it adjudged the regency. Being the only fixed and legal body in the kingdom, it became the resort of the oppressed and the ambitious. It assumed the protection of the people, and undertook to make representations to the throne in its favour. Mere administrators of justice at first, all the political functions of the members were after-thoughts and usurpations.

The parliament never protected the people against burdensome imposts. In such cases, it was gained over by money, or by the hope of favour and recompence. It only showed itself inflexible and undaunted when its own rights were in question, when it was endeavouring to extend them, or attempting to interfere in the civil administration.

In dispensing justice, it countenanced and cherished vexatious and

ensnaring forms, and tolerated the exactions of the advocates and solicitors; even the members themselves claimed exorbitant fees, and opened their ears to interest and corruption. Equity could not insure the success of a suit, nor the acquittal of a person criminally charged. The judges allowed themselves to be solicited; and required compliments from suitors who had lost their causes. If, then, patronage and favour found their way into the courts, how much was a quarrel with any of the members of the robe to be dreaded? It was a grievous misfortune to have property lying conveniently for any of them. How many unhappy persons in the provinces have been robbed of their estates, by iniquitous decrees, when they happened to be contiguous to the domains of a *member of parliament*? So indecently did they conduct themselves, that no constable or bailiff could be induced on any terms to serve process on the members; they were consequently never arrested by their creditors; nor were their goods ever taken in execution, though men in distressed circumstances were as common among them as in any other class.

When the parliament continued disobedient to repeated orders to register the royal edicts, the king held his *lit de justice*; that is, he went to the parliament, with the princes of the blood, the peers, and other notables, and there, in his presence, caused the decrees and registrations which he did not approve to be erased. The royal sitting being finished, the parliament protested against the violence, and there the matter ended, if the public interest only was concerned: but if that of the parliament, it had recourse to strong measures. The different tribunals then united, the members of the several courts assembled in the hall of the principal, and were solely occupied with their grievances; in violation of their oaths, they refused to administer justice to individuals. There was no remedy for this monstrous evil, except exile, which

was ever regarded as severe and harsh, and which increased the public inconvenience of a cessation of justice.

The members long contended that they were not removeable from office, and this claim seems to have arisen necessarily from the sale of the appointments. To have encouraged persons to quit other pursuits, and to lay out their fortune in the purchase of a respectable office, and afterward to claim a power of divesting them of their stations, would have been extreme oppression. One effect of this a needy court would particularly dread, that of reducing the value of the places, and thus of drying up one source of revenue.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

FRENCH ANECDOTES.

*General Pfiffer.*

ABOUT the beginning of the last century, a war of religion raged some time in Switzerland. Many of the catholic leaders embarked very unwillingly in the contest; and of this number was the commandant *Pfiffer*. Not desirous of vanquishing the protestants, he took a bad position, and even permitted himself to be *turned*. His son, who was not in the secret, perceived the fault which his father had committed, and apprized him of it: but seeing that he took no steps to remedy it, and full of a patriotic enthusiasm, worthy of the first Romans, he cried out from rank to rank: *What! will no person kill the general? As for me, I cannot; I am his son.*

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*Royal Maxims.*

The father of the late king of Portugal, being asked by his mistress, during one of his visits to her, to grant her a certain favour, became all at once silent; and *can you*, said

she, *refuse me?* No, replied he, *I promise you, to-morrow I will speak of it to the king.*

The same monarch held one day an argument with the marquis *de Pontélimar*, on the power of kings; the latter maintained that it had limits, but his sovereign would admit of none, and said to his courtier, with great warmth, *if I ordered you to throw yourself into the sea, you ought, without hesitation, to jump into it head foremost.* The marquis immediately turned short, and went towards the door. The king, surprized, asked him where he was going. *To learn to swim, sire.* The king laughed heartily, and the conversation ended.

#### *Louis XV and Madame du Barry.*

The indecent conduct of Louis XV, in living with madame *de Chateauroux*, in the face of his whole army; the indignity with which, in the apprehension of death, he had dismissed her; and the weakness which he showed in recalling her on his recovery; occasioned very free observations to be then made for the first time. Madame *de Pompadour*, a city matron, publicly carried off from her husband in order to exercise sovereign authority, caused the mask to be wholly thrown away, and opened a channel for licentiousness. Conversation, verses, songs, libels, every mode was adopted to give this affair the colouring which belonged to it, and in order to vilify the monarch, who soon fell into contempt; the certain forerunner of state disturbances. This conduct excited in the ladies of the court implacable resentment, and they ceased not to deafen the ear with their complaints and protestations: but their indignation and exclamations knew no bounds, when, two years after the death of madame *de Pompadour*, they beheld the illegitimate offspring of a monk and a cook-maid (taken from a brothel by a sharper of the name of *du Barry*, who supported her un-

der the name of *de Lange*, or of mademoiselle *Vaubernier*, and who was ready to sell her to any one who would give a good price for her), become the sole dispenser of the king's favour. It was at the feet of this mistress that Louis XV placed his sceptre, and thus consummated the opprobrium and contempt with which he was covered. Under this new sovereign, the court changed its aspect. All who made professions of honour, and who respected decency, were overwhelmed by the denunciations, the licentiousness, the intrigues, and the corruption of this woman, whom they called *comtesse du Barry*; who drew to court a crowd of people without morals, spies, and intriguers of all kinds, who took possession of Versailles. The corrupt part of the courtiers placed themselves at the head of this wretched assemblage.

As the duke *de Choiseul* and some others were one day riding with the king, Louis XV, the latter asked the minister to guess the sum which he had paid for the carriage in which they were then seated; he replied that it was worth five or six thousand livres, (one thousand or twelve hundred dollars), but that his majesty, paying a royal price, might have perhaps been charged eight thousand (sixteen hundred dollars). "You are very much out in your calculation," answered the king; "it cost me, as you see it, thirty thousand livres" (six thousand dollars). The minister proposed seriously to the king, a few days afterward, to remedy these abuses in the household, offering to undertake the task himself, if Louis would assist him. "My dear friend," said the king, "these robberies in my house are enormous, but it is impossible to put a stop to them; too many people, too many powerful people are interested in them, for us to flatter ourselves with the hope of abolishing them. All the ministers whom I have had have formed the project of remedying this evil: but they have abandoned it in despair. Cardinal Fleu-



ry was very powerful, since he was master of France, but he died without having carried into effect any one of his ideas on this subject. So believe me, compose yourself, and disregard a mischief which does not admit of cure."

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Pope Benedict XIV was fond of observing that there must be a Providence, since France flourished under Louis XV; and certainly, while that prince was doing every thing that was calculated to weaken authority, and to undermine the state, the throne remained unshaken during his time, amid all the symptoms of approaching ruin. He relied on the hold which ancient institutions maintained on the minds of the people, and on their habits of obedience. It is evident also that he possessed more political prudence, however much debilitated his mind might be by his dissolute conduct, than fell to the share of his unfortunate successor. Louis XVI, the most timid of men, little favoured by nature, and wholly without experience or information, yielding to the best intentions, took a course the opposite of that which his grandfather had followed, and proposed to rest his power on the goodwill of his subjects. Their affections he resolved to secure by acts corresponding with his dispositions, which were laudable and benevolent; and relying on these, the well-meaning monarch ventured into a track which would have been hazardous to a sovereign of the greatest wisdom and firmness, but for which no man was ever less qualified than Louis XVI. The history of every proceeding, that called for judgment and decision, shows how limited was his understanding, how destitute he was of discernment, and how utterly void of firmness was his nature. The re-establishment of the parliaments without conditions, and the blind confidence placed in the frivolous, mischievous, and pitiful dotard, *Maurepas*, at the very commencement of his reign, displayed in open day his glaring deficiencies.

### *Maria Antoinette.*

Though the queen, Maria Antoinette, was not strictly a beauty, nor a fine woman, nor a correct figure, yet her lively countenance, her striking carriage, and the elegance of her person, gave her a superiority over many who were more indebted to nature. Her character was gentle and prepossessing. She felt strongly for the unfortunate, and she took delight in succouring and protecting them. A strong propensity to pleasure, and a great portion of coquetry and levity, though but little of natural gaiety, occasioned her to appear with less advantage in society than might have been expected from her solid good qualities, and her personal charms. She had no fixed principles. Her familiarity lessened respect, while the stateliness she was obliged to assume on particular occasions, was inconsistent with the character which she affected, that of an amiable woman. She had no education. She never opened a book, except occasionally a novel; nor did she even seek the information which might be collected in society; the moment an affair became serious, she was seized with weariness, and the discussion was cut short. Her conversation wandered and flew from object to object. The tale of the day, and court scandal, were her amusement. She never could be persuaded to apply to any thing like business, but filled up her time with trifles. She had a complete ascendancy over the king, and latterly swayed him in most of his determinations.

### *Duchess de Polignac.*

The duchess de Polignac possessed the entire favour and confidence of the queen, and was regarded for many years as the principal mover in all the measures of the court. She is, as is well known, most unfavourably depicted in all the revolutionary publications.

She had the most charming countenance that ever was bestowed on mortal; and it was impossible to say which feature was best. Her shape and figure did not entirely correspond with the perfection of her face: but she deservedly passed for the finest woman of her time, and the one who pleased most universally. Her character was more perfect than her person; that which formed its basis was a calmness never disturbed in any situation or event, not even by personal evils the most calculated to disturb. This quality enabled her justly to estimate things, and to be as much above prejudice as she was free from enthusiasm. She was most remote from presumption; and she would often frankly say, "What you say is above my capacity." Her carriage, her actions, her conversation, even the tones of her voice, were gentleness itself. She was of a tender, sympathizing nature; and she never refused that succour to distress which it was in her power to bestow. Fond of domestic happiness, she looked to the loss of her influence rather as desirable than otherwise; and she valued her power and her fortune more on account of her friends than herself. Her great fault arose from that tranquil nature which she possessed, and which occasioned her to be negligent in a thousand matters to which she ought to have vigilantly attended, considering the situation in which she stood, and the confidence reposed in her by the queen.

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*Engineers of the Revolution.*

The abbe *Sieyes*, previously to the horrors which incensed all the world against the demagogues of France, was complimented by his partisans with the title of the *engineer of the revolution*. What the credit may be which this title, if just, would insure him, we shall leave to be estimated by others; only observing that his functions, and those of his coadjutors, were of

a very humble and ordinary nature; since they only assisted a mouldering edifice to crumble, and helped to pull down that which was about to fall of its own accord. *The engineers of the revolution* were personages of a superior order to the abbe *Sieyes* and his fraternity; it was by the inmates, the guardians, and the defenders of the fortress, that it was undermined and battered; it was by the last two monarchs and their advisers, and their ill fortune, that the mighty downfall was effected that has caused agitations, which may last as long as those occasioned by the *reformation*.

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*Count de Maurepas.*

Count de Maurepas was consummate in court intrigues, hackneyed in business, but careless about every thing except his own credit, and the sort of men who were to be admitted into the ministry; in which situation, he would have only creatures who were to depend entirely on him, and whom he could annihilate with a breath. Every transaction he made a theme of pleasantry, and every individual an object of sarcasm. No man approached him whom he did not lash in this way, and on whom he did not exercise his powers of ridicule. It was into the hands of this minister, that the unfortunate Louis XVI was thrown, on his accession, wholly without experience, and after having received the worst possible education under the duke de *Vauguyon*. This crafty old courtier only studied how to govern the monarch, without giving him a single idea on the subject of the government of his people.

There are few men whose memory will more excite detestation than this selfish, unfaithful, treacherous minister; who, to serve his own purposes, contrived to keep his unsuspecting, confiding master in that ignorance which cost him at once his crown and his life. On the subject of the baseness of this unworthy statesman, one opinion only

has prevailed ; with regard to him, the writers of all factions are agreed.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

PREMIUMS OFFERED BY THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Magellanic annual premium is offered by this society to the author of the best discovery, or most useful invention, relating to navigation, astronomy, or natural philosophy, mere natural history only excepted, under the following conditions :

1. The candidate shall send his discovery, invention, or improvement to the president, or one of the vice-presidents of the society\*, free of postage or other charges ; and shall distinguish his performance by some motto, device, or other signature, at his pleasure. Together with such communication, he shall also send a sealed letter, containing the same motto, device or signature, with the real name, and place of residence of the author.

2. Persons of any nation, sect, or denomination whatever, may be candidates.

3. No discovery, &c. shall be entitled to this premium, which has been already published, or for which the author has been publicly rewarded elsewhere.

4. The candidate shall communicate his discovery, &c. either in English, French, German, or Latin.

5. All such communications shall be publicly read, or exhibited to the society, at some stated meeting, not less than one month previous to adjudication ; and shall at all times be open to the inspection of such members as desire it. But no member shall carry home with him the

communication, description, or model, except the officer to whom it is intrusted ; nor shall such officer part with the same out of his custody, but by special order of the society.

6. The society, having previously referred the several communications to the twelve counsellors and other officers of the society, and having received their report thereon, shall, at a stated meeting in December, annually, after the present year (of the time and place, and particular occasion of which meeting, public notice shall be previously given), proceed to the final adjudication of the said premium : and, after due consideration, a vote shall be taken on the question, Whether any of the communications then under inspection be worthy of the proposed premium ? If this question be determined in the negative, the whole business shall be deferred till another year : but if in the affirmative, the society shall proceed to determine by ballot, the discovery, &c. most useful and worthy ; and that which has a majority in its favour shall be successful : and then the sealed letter accompanying the crowned performance shall be opened, and the name of the author announced.

7. No member who is a candidate for the premium, or who hath not previously declared to the society, that he has weighed, according to the best of his judgment, the comparative merits of the several claimants, shall sit in judgment, or give his vote in awarding the said premium.

8. A full account of the crowned subject shall be published by the society, as soon as may be after the adjudication, either in a separate publication, or in the next succeeding volume of their transactions, or in both.

9. The unsuccessful performances shall remain under consideration, and their authors be considered as candidates for the premium, for five years next succeeding the time of their presentment ; except such as their authors may, in the mean

\* Thomas Jefferson is president of the society, and Robert Patterson, Caspar Wistar, and B. S. Barton, vice-presidents.—Philadelphia.



time, think fit to withdraw. And the society shall, annually, publish an abstract of the titles, object, or subject matter of the communications so under consideration; except such as the society shall think not worthy of public notice.

10. The letters containing the names of authors whose performances shall be rejected, or which shall be found unsuccessful after a trial of five years, shall be burnt before the society, without breaking the seals.

11. In case there should be a failure of any communication worthy of the proposed premium, there will then be two premiums to be awarded in the next year. But no accumulation of premiums shall entitle an author to more than one premium, for any one discovery, invention, or improvement.

12. The premium shall consist of an oval plate of solid standard gold, value ten guineas; on one side shall be neatly engraved a short Latin motto, suited to the occasion, together with the words, The premium of John Hyacinth de Magellan, of London, established in the year 1786. And on the other side of the plate shall be engraved these words: Awarded by the A. P. S.—for the discovery of—, A. D.—

And the seal of the society shall be annexed to the medal by a ribbon passing through a small hole at the lower edge thereof.

They likewise offer a second or extra premium, consisting of a gold medal, of the value of not less than twenty, nor more than forty-five dollars; or the same sum in money, at the option of the candidate, accompanied with a suitable diploma on parchment, with the seal of the society, to the author of any useful invention or improvement on any subject within the general view of the Magellanic donation, as before described, and which shall be deemed most worthy thereof; or to the author of such communication as may lead to such inventions and improvements, and which may be deemed worthy of the premium, un-

der the before-mentioned conditions.

The society also point out a few subjects, to which they wish to direct the attention of candidates for the premium; informing them, at the same time, that communications on other subjects, which come within the general or particular views of the donor, will not be excluded from the competition. All communications for the extra premium must be made in the manner prescribed in the conditions for the original premium.

The objects towards which the society direct the attention of candidates are,

1. The best experimental essay on native American permanent dyes or pigments, accompanied by specimens.

2. The best means of navigating our rapid rivers against the stream.

3. The best essay on the general natural history of the ranges of American mountains in the country east of the river Mississippi.

4. The best essay on the natural history and chemical qualities of the hot and warm springs of the United States, or of any one of them.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

## THE GLEANER.

NO. II.

BECAUSE the whimsical Lavater wrote three or four quartos, and invented a great number of distinctions, in relation to physiognomy, most people are apt to imagine that this is a new science. I do not mean that nobody before him ever imagined a certain correspondence between the character and outward form of a man, but that no one before him ever built up a regular and complex system on the subject. I shall not attempt to inquire how far this is true, but shall content myself with quoting some sentiments, written near a century before the Swiss physiognomist was thought of, which

seems to comprise all that any reasonable mind can hope to discover on this subject, notwithstanding the confident and parading declamations of Lavater and his followers.

There are several arts, of which all men are in some measure masters, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a grammarian and logician, though he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of physiognomy; and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, than we are immediately struck with the image of a proud, a reserved, an affable, or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we hear them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every *passion* gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a scoundrel. Nothing is more common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb show. For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself in a crowded street in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author of a famous saying to a stranger who

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stood silent in his company, *Speak that I may see thee*. But, with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the *air* of the whole face is much more expressive than the *lines* of it: the truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. *Martial* has a pretty epigram on this subject:

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus:*

*Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

I have seen a very ingenious author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember, in the life of the famous prince of *Conde*, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case, therefore, we may be sure that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him there was something in his



looks which showed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time, I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which Nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of features as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases, the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. Socrates's disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art. But

Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient author, that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues and busts of both that are still extant, as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently met with in the cabinets of the curious. But, however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character!

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

FRENCH EMPIRE.

IF in military matters the French discover conduct and heroism which did not heretofore belong to them, we do not find that they are divested of the levity and frivolity by which they have been in all ages characterized. On the contrary, never do they seem to have found more facility in flying from one extreme to another. How short a time has passed since republican representations threw them into the wildest raptures, and all were the disciples of the goddess of reason, zealots for the sovereignty of the



people, and advocates for the rights of man! yet now this mania is as much out of fashion as the *Fronde* or the league. Nothing suits their present taste but imperial and royal pomp; all insist on the necessity of religion, all applaud the unity of the supreme authority, all plead for hereditary succession; and no sooner is an *emperor* made, than the history of the *empire* is advertised; though it has existed only a few months, its annals are announced! Are a people of this fickle cast destined to command the world? are they to be the models of mankind?

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

### THE REFLECTOR.

NO. X.

MY correspondent Antonio's letter has remained so long unanswered, that to notice it now may be unnecessary. The cause from which it originated has probably ceased to exist: for grief naturally exhausts itself by its own violent exertions, or overpowers the object of its attack, and ends by destroying the plant on which it subsists. Yet it is the duty of the Reflector to perform the duties he owes to civility; and though the performance of them has long been deferred, yet it is perhaps better, that that, which should be done, is done late, than not at all.

It is, perhaps, not unworthy of enquiry, why we indulge grief so much as we do: while we must be sensible we are nourishing a perfidious enemy in our bosom, who, under the fascinating exterior of tenderness and affection, robs us of so many enjoyments. Grief is certainly not an emotion, or (if it please my readers better) a passion, agreeable in the abstract, either in its nature, or its effects. It deadens or stupifies the mental faculties, it contracts the range of our ideas, it makes all our reflections centre in one point, and makes us almost unfit to exer-

cise the most distinguishing qualities which we possess, as rational beings, over the rest of the creation. Behold the man of grief: see how he moves along; his step is slow, his arms are folded on his breast, or carelessly hanging at his sides: mark the paleness of his cheek; his eyes are fixed as though he was intently gazing on some interesting object, yet he sees nothing; his sight penetrates space, but fixes at last (if I may venture the expression) on vacancy; his dress is negligent and disordered, while an air of abstraction sits on every feature. To him almost all things are alike; whether the gentle gales of spring fan his bosom, and bear upon their silken pinions the odours of Arabia, or the sultry heats of summer oppress him with their fervour; whether autumn presents to the eye the full harvest, and the loaded bough, or winter covers the ruins of nature with the fleeces of heaven: his breast is insensible to the change. The change of seasons or of circumstances make but a slight impression on a pre-occupied and mourning heart. Approach him; ask him some question not connected with the cause of his grief; his answer will be short and from the point; he will convince you, by his manner, that his mind is fixed on some particular object, to the almost total exclusion of every other; and, notwithstanding that on the proper understanding of the business on which he is questioned may rest much of his temporal prosperity, yet he will continually revert to that object which seems to claim, on the principle of previous possession, a right to all his attention.

The mourner loves to converse on one subject only; and this is the one which occupies his whole soul. On this he could continually dwell; and though repetition might weary all others, it would still afford him pleasure: that is, all the pleasure which grief can know, the pleasure of weeping. Let not the reader say this is a paradox: grief loves to weep, for in weeping, as I

have just said, it finds its greatest enjoyment. This is the true cause why those who regret the recent loss of some beloved friend hear with so much impatience the frequent repetition of those ill-timed and common-place consolatory phrases, so often used on these occasions. It is in vain to say, "weep not; it is the will of Heaven; tears cannot recal your friend to life," &c., &c. The mourner knows all this; perhaps he has endeavoured to console another in the same manner. Let him who would offer comfort and consolation, not appear to attempt, nay, let him rather seem to want it himself; let him dwell on the virtues and amiable qualities of the deceased, and weep with him who mourns his loss. Thus will he sooth the grief, which it is not in the power of mere consolatory speeches immediately to cure.

Nor is the effect of grief on the health of the body less pernicious than it is on the health of the mind: it saps the very foundations of life, and is not unfrequently the mourner's passport to the grave. Still it is indulged with a fondness unaccountable, perhaps, in any other way, than by remembering that it is natural; philosophy is frequently unable to tell us any more: after all its enquiries, its investigations, it finds itself on the same ground where it commenced them, and where ignorance itself would have concluded its researches.

When we lose a beloved friend by the stroke of death, how we love to call to remembrance every feature which distinguished him; to embody the departed form in our imagination; to place him in those situations in which we have been accustomed to see him; while living to make him speak, to act, to give his opinion on this or that subject; to enumerate his virtues and his talents; and, at last, to weep over the loss of all the pleasing enjoyments which, with him, we once participated. Is not this a proof that we love to grieve? If we did not, we would endeavour to forget whatever might awaken any

recollection of the object of our grief; should think ourselves obliged to him who would show us that we ought to forget it; that it was unworthy; and its loss not to be regretted, but desired. But who, that has felt the influence of grief, would bear, for a moment, to hear the object of its regret vilified? who would ever hear his actual failings enumerated with any degree of patience? No one. Yet grief is unreasonable; to weep over the remains of a departed friend cannot "back to its mansion call the fleeting breath." We know it; we feel it; yet we lament, and lament because lamenting is vain: we feel how foolish, how absurd is our conduct; we know we ought to bear the inevitable afflictions of life with fortitude and without repining; yet we glory in our own imbecility; and who would not? who would not be a man? The philosopher who thinks he is, then feels and acknowledges he is nothing more; he glories in feeling like one; although, perhaps, he may be ashamed to own how weak is reason and philosophy, when opposed to the meltings of nature and the calls of tender regret.

Nature has placed this distressing, though not altogether ungratifying emotion, in the breast of man for a very useful purpose. Grief is to love, as night is to day; it is always the successor of love, when its object has been removed from us by the hand of death. Perhaps this may be one reason why we shudder at the thought of depriving a fellow-creature of life (that is, one who is dear to our affections), because we dread the attacks of the grief that will follow his loss. This may be extending the action of grief too far; but let any one form an imaginary scene; let him suppose himself placed in it, as one of the principal actors, and one of his *friends* as another. His friend must be supposed to possess something which he himself desires to possess; he knows no other way of acquiring it but by the death of his friend. Here he must suppose himself insensible



to remorse and the dread of present or future punishment, the hatred of mankind, or the dread of shame, and alive only to the impressions of interest and convenience, love and grief. He may be supposed to reason thus: "I love my friend, it is true, but I love that he possesses much better; if I take his life, I may possess every thing I want, and he will not be sensible of its loss: but though I now love him, as I feel I do, less than I do his fortune, am I certain this will always be the case? Perhaps when I see him extended at my feet, pity will interpose, and produce an essential change in my feelings; I may then regret that I have done it, because grief will interrupt my enjoyment of that which formed the principal motive to the act I have committed; and though the love I now bear him seems less than that I bear his fortune, it may still be sufficient to produce grief enough to embitter all my enjoyments, and make me more unhappy in the possession, than I now am in the want of that, which I so earnestly desire."

Here love may be said to be the agent in preventing him from acquiring the object of his wishes, by the only mean that offers; but if it is love, why will it not prevent him from committing an evil deed, alone, without his being obliged to recur to the known effects of grief after the commission of the act? Grief, however, can have no existence without love; it is born of love, or perhaps is formed of love mingled with regret; certain it is, that grief is never unmixed with love, but love does not always govern our actions, even when its object is *self*. We all love ourselves, we are sensible of the blessings of health, of peace, of contentment, and freedom from care; yet we frequently incur the certain loss of one or all these blessings; and it is only when we have lost them that we are sensible of the power of the grief the loss excites; thus it appears that the dread of grief may sometimes do, what love itself cannot perform. We would be willing

to be deprived of that love we feel, if we did not dread the grief which must inevitably occupy its place; or, if you will, that painful vacuity which succeeds its loss.

Nor do I argue thus because I think that love has not, at last, the sole agency in producing the effects of grief; but that the fire of love may burn so feebly in our bosoms, that we do not feel its warmth, and know we can only become acquainted with its intensity by its extinction, or a change in the manner of its operation.

VALVERDI.

May 10th, 1806.

*To be continued.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

BRICKS.

PHILADELPHIA is noted for its manufactory of bricks. The annual erection of brick buildings in this city is immense, and both the builder and inhabitant of a house are materially interested in the quality and goodness of the material of which these buildings are formed. The following remarks may prove eminently serviceable.

The excellency of bricks consists chiefly in the first and last operation; for bricks made of good earth, and well tempered, become solid and ponderous, and therefore will take up a longer time in drying and burning than our common bricks seem to require. It is also to be observed, that the well drying of bricks before they are burned prevents cracking and crumbling in their burning; for, when the bricks are too wet, the parts are prevented from adhering together. The best way of ordering the fire is, to make it gentle at first, and increase it by degrees, as the bricks grow harder.

If those several operations were properly and duly attended to, we should not see such immense waste, and so great a profusion of unburnt



and half burnt bricks, called place bricks, as we constantly find on the outsides of our modern clamps. For want of due precaution the fire never reaches them in an equable degree, and therefore they ought to be totally disregarded and laid aside; but modern ingenuity, and the tricks of the builders, have found out a mode of using them, less objectionable, to be sure, than if they were consigned to the outside walls, though properly they are not fit to be used any where. It is necessary that the public should be informed that these place bricks are now made use of in the inside walls of houses of every denomination, from the hut to the palace; and that they are soft, subject to very quick decay, and, wherever wet can at all get to them, they moulder away with great rapidity. Nor is this the only objection to them: they are subject to be acted upon by every change of the weather, so that the walls become damp, and the plastering discoloured, causing the bond timbers and plates to rot; and, for want of equal solidity with the external bricks, the walls crack, the timbers swag, because the bearing on them cannot be then any where equally poised.

The dampness which so often affects the inside walls is attempted to be palliated or removed by the introduction of what is called battening, whereby an opening or cavity is left between the brick-work or plaistering; but whoever has attentively observed the result of this invention, which in very many instances has fallen to my lot to notice, will see that the damp arising from these bricks engenders mould, and is visible on the frame of the wood used in the battening; this mould is no doubt the secondary cause of the dry rot, since the origin must be in the bricks themselves.

That this is the case may be deduced from this fact, that wherever a quantity of those bricks is heaped up together, for any length of time, they will, upon separation, be found to have their bases covered with a fine white net-work, especially those

which are nearest the bottom. Hard burnt sound bricks never have this net-work grow upon them, let them lie as long as they may in any situation. This net-work, then, is the plantula of mould. The origin and increase of mould is nearly in proportion to the heat of the atmosphere; its appearance and vegetation are never more sudden than during the summer, and the reason seems to be, that the heat of the weather necessarily draws out the redundant moisture from the bricks, for want of a due circulation of air. This moisture attaches itself to the outside of the bricks, and there remains, the heat not being sufficient to dry it up, but enough perhaps to produce a degree of warmth; it enters into a slow but certain process of fermentation; and, passing through a state of acidity to putrefaction, is of itself sufficient to engender mould. Sometimes it is very long before mould is produced on particular substances, either from the absence of the seed, or the substance not being well adapted for its vegetation; while, in others, the seed has been known to vegetate in three hours. The mould, from being first white, turns yellowish, and at last blackens. As it approaches a state of maturity, a kind of black dust falls from it, which is the seed of the plantula; a quantity of this dust constitutes the powder, which blackens the hand when touched. As this dust and seed is so fine and infinite, it spreads with a rapidity equal to the state and condition of the substances which may be fit to receive it, and hence may attack a whole building, and become the means of endangering and eventually destroying the most superb edifice.

Another fact will confirm this reasoning. In pulling down the most ancient houses, not an atom of dry rot has been visible, but merely a decay in the timbers, occasioned by age, because the bricks inside and out were alike hard and sound: but where modern ones have been erected on the old sites, a very few years have been sufficient to prove

that symptoms of dry rot have manifested themselves in the basement, from the great degree of humidity which prevails there.

If such bricks, therefore, are not timely removed, all the art of man cannot prevent the effects of the dry rot; it is the same with certain sorts of stone, which are always damp, be the weather what it may, and there the dry rot makes the greater havock.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

#### ON THE COINS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

A VERY ingenious and laborious work on the history of the British coinage has lately been published by the earl of Liverpool. The following abstract of his doctrines, and remarks which these doctrines have suggested, may prove not uninteresting to some of our readers, who deem as highly of this subject as it merits.

The use of metals, as a medium of exchange, was no improvement on the rude kinds of barter by which commerce was previously conducted, unless the practice of assaying, as well as of weighing or measuring the masses of those metals, was at the same time introduced. Each transaction of buying and selling required a difficult and expensive experiment upon the fineness of the commodity in which the price was paid; and thus an improvement, scarcely less necessary than the former, was to manufacture a number of pieces of a known fineness, which might pass in exchange by weight, the quality having been previously determined once for all. It is probable that this step in the division of employments was, like all the rest, first made by individuals; persons of approved respectability and known skill betook themselves to refining the precious metals, and affixed to the bars into which they fashioned them a certain mark, denoting the quali-

ty of the mass. In time, however, the governors of the community found sufficient inducements to take this branch of industry exclusively into their own hands. They were always the chief consumers and principal creditors in the country: they had, therefore, more concern in the accuracy of the standard than any other individuals. Besides, where there were mines, they generally found means to appropriate them; and where there were none, they saw that various benefits, similar to the gains of the mines, might be derived from a controul over the preparation of the currency. The difficulty of preventing great imposture on the public, so long as a matter of this nicety was left to private individuals afforded a plausible pretence for introducing the monopoly, and, in the early stages of commerce at least, was even a good reason for it. By these steps, the history of which is in all countries entirely lost, the sovereign of every civilized state has become the sole assayer of the metals used in commercial exchanges. The other branches of the coinage have, in almost all cases, been introduced by him, at a subsequent period. The profit of dividing the metals into pieces of a known weight was not at first very obvious. The power of regulating their fineness was much more beneficial, and its abuses harder to be checked. But the advantages of fixing the quantity of metal in pieces of a certain denomination, or of fixing the denomination of certain pieces, were soon found to be considerable, at least where the rulers had come under obligations to any of their subjects, and wished to relieve themselves without an act of open and violent injustice. Hence, in all civilized countries, the exclusive management of the coinage in every branch, and, in general, the regulation of all things relating to the medium of exchange, has become a favourite prerogative of the sovereign. The following are some particulars of the history of this prerogative in England.



In ancient times, the right of coinage was sometimes usurped by the more powerful barons; but Henry II finally suppressed this abuse; and, since, no subject has interfered with the coinage, except so far as the crown has, at different periods, delegated the right of coining to certain great corporations, who were always bound to exercise it according to the rules prescribed in the grant, and were never permitted to vary either the alloy, the denomination, or the device. This practice of devolving the coinage on subjects, has, however, been entirely relinquished since the reign of Edward VI. Various statutes have recognized the rights of the crown, both to fix the value of the coins as issued from the mint, and to alter that value after they have become current. In particular, the 19th Hen. VII, c. 5, enacts, that all gold and silver coins shall pass for the sum they were coined for; and the 5th and 6th Edward VI, c. 19, prohibits the exchanging of any coined gold and silver for more than the king's proclamation has or shall have declared to be its value. Nor is it necessary, in general, that the sovereign should publish his notices with respect to the rate of the currency which he issues. Whatever coins come from his mint, with his stamp or other authenticating marks, are held, in ordinary cases, to be of the value affixed to them in the indentures which he enters into with the officers of the mint. A royal proclamation is only necessary when base coins, or money below the standard of sterling, are to be made current; when coins already in circulation are to be raised or lowered in nominal value, or decried altogether; and, lastly, when foreign coins are to be rendered legal currency at a certain rate. But, though the prerogative regarding coinage is thus ample, and apparently well fixed by the theory of the constitution, it ought to be exercised with the most scrupulous caution; and, notwithstanding recent instances of its exertion without consult-

ing parliament, particularly in 1717, when guineas were lowered from 21s. 6d. to 21s. by proclamation, the crown should, in all important operations affecting the coin, proceed according to the advice of the great national council.

It seems, however, absurd to state the alteration of the nominal value of coins, already current, as a branch of prerogative. The crown may certainly ordain that certain coins shall, for the future, pass by different names, and that obligations incurred subsequent to the ordinance shall be interpreted according to the new significations annexed to those names. But if it give a new valuation to the currency absolutely, it exercises a retrospective influence, and puts a new interpretation upon conditions previously made. It ordains that A shall owe B five, when he borrowed ten; or commands the parties *to have done* one thing when they did another; which is truly a contradiction in terms. We might as well assert, that the government has the prerogative of making two and two equal to six. When, therefore, a government absolves contracting parties from their obligations, by what is called changing the denomination of the currency, it commits an act of violent injustice—is not exerting a power; and, instead of saying that it alters the nominal value of money, we should say that it forcibly breaks certain contracts existing among individuals. Were the government to enact that a guinea should be reckoned equal to two pounds sterling, our courts of justice would not be bound in law to absolve a debtor who owed two pounds, and paid a guinea: they would be obliged to take the sense of the contracting parties for the rule of payment, in the same manner as they would be bound to recur to the original meaning of the words, if custom should have altered it since the contract was made.

The old standard of fineness for silver coin is 11 oz. 2 dwts. with 18 dwts. of alloy, and this has been uniformly the proportion, most proba-



bly from the conquest, with the exception of a short period, from 34th Henry VIII to 2d Elizabeth; the old standard for gold was 23 carats  $3\frac{1}{2}$  grains, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  a grain of alloy; and this proportion continued till 18th Henry VIII, when the new standard was introduced of crown gold, or 22 carats 2 grains, which has been the only proportion used in our gold coinage since the 15th Charles II.

Silver coins were, for two centuries after the conquest, the only money of British manufacture. Henry III, near the end of his reign, coined a few gold pieces, which were so little circulated, that, till an accident brought the fact to light in the year 1732, Edward III had always been supposed the first king who made gold money. At the conquest, the pound sterling was equal to a tower pound\* of silver of the old standard, and it continued of this weight till the 28th of Edward I. It was divided into twenty shillings, and each shilling into twelve pennies, weighing twenty-four grains each. Nothing, therefore, could have been more simple or convenient in every respect than this system of coinage, which subsisted unaltered for two centuries, and till several years after a second metal had been introduced into circulation. The successive and rapid changes which were, from this period, made in the currency, may be reduced to three heads; the debasement of the silver coins by diminishing their weight, their denomination being retained; the debasement of the gold coins, both by diminishing the weight of new issues, and by raising the denomination of those in circulation; lastly, the violent changes made on both silver and gold coins, chiefly by alterations in the standard of the metals, from the 34th Henry VIII to the 6th Edward VI, or rather to

the 2d of Elizabeth, and which may be regarded as a sort of convulsion in the monetary system.

Edward I first debased the pound sterling, by coining it into twenty shillings and three pence. Edward III, by three several reductions, brought it to twenty five shillings in tale; Henry IV reduced it to thirty; Edward IV to thirty-seven and sixpence; Henry VIII to 42s. 2 1-4d. in the 18th year of his reign. Besides some intermediate changes, Elizabeth, by two reductions, brought the tower pound to 58s. 1 1-2d. or the pound troy to 62 shillings, at which it still remains. Other operations of the same kind have since been thought of at different periods; James I was induced to give up the scheme of a new reduction chiefly by the sage counsels of lord Bacon. The speech of sir Robert Cotton to the same purpose, in the reign of Charles I, and its salutary effects, are well known; and Mr. Locke had the honour of crushing the last attempt of this nature which has been made with any prospect of success, by his celebrated treatise on the value of money.

The debasements of the gold coin consist in a diminution of its weight, and an increase of its denomination; but principally in the latter, made with a view of adjusting it to the value of the silver currency during its successive changes, both real and nominal. The adjustment was made in the former way, at the two last debasements of silver in Edward III's reign, and at the debasement of Henry IV. In the subsequent debasements it has been made by the latter method; but when the nominal value of the current gold was raised, the sovereign generally found it expedient to issue new gold coins of the former nominal value. Thus, when Edward IV debased his silver, he raised the gold noble from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 4d.; but he soon after coined *angels* at 6s. 8d. the old value of the noble, and *angelets* equal to the former half nobles; and when Henry VIII first raised the angel from 6s. 8d. to 7s. 6d., he coined

\* The tower or rochelle pound, used in the mint till 18th Henry VIII, was 3-4 of an ounce less than the pound troy. Since that year the pound troy has been used.

*george-nobles* of 6s. 8d. When the last reduction of the silver took place in Elizabeth's reign, she fixed the rate of gold to silver in coins of the old standard, at 10 56-59 to 1, and in those of the new or crown gold, at 10 61-68 to 1. Since that period, the changes in the gold coin have only been calculated to keep pace with the gradual alterations in the relative real values of the two precious metals. It is remarkable that no such alteration seems to have called for a re-adjustment of the coinage till the beginning of James I's reign, though America had been discovered above a century, and even the richest of the silver mines, those of Potosi, upwards of fifty years; nay Elizabeth, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, valued the gold at a lower rate, in proportion to the silver, than Edward III had done: yet the average silver price of wheat, during the last half of the sixteenth century, was nearly five times its silver price during the first half. We should expect to find the whole gold coin exported, therefore, during this period, in consequence of the mint prices of the two metals being so much nearer each other than their market prices. But though no great exportation of gold seems to have followed, soon after James's accession it was found necessary to raise the mint price of gold; and, by three several operations, that prince brought the proportion between gold and silver to 13 20-59 to 1, in coins of the old standard, and 13 11-34 to 1, in those of the new. After the restoration it was raised still further; and the whole rise, during sixty years from the union of the crowns, was 32 5-6 *per cent.*

But notwithstanding the great depreciation of silver, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, the silver price of gold seems to have increased with unaccountable slowness. The first reduction in the weight of the gold coin which James I made, was sufficient to create an unprecedented abundance of that currency for se-

veral years; yet it amounted to no more than 10 *per cent.* of rise in the mint price of that metal. This was indeed after some years insufficient; and he afterwards augmented the mint price 10 *per cent.* further, by raising the nominal value. This measure occasioned a rise that was much too great; the silver coin began to disappear, and continued diminishing rapidly for many years, to the great discomfiture of the government, as we find by various proclamations against the manufacture of plate and the exportation of bullion, *in respect of the excesse of forraigne commodities, which is a thing in itselfe intolerable.* Yet the price of silver was all that time continuing to fall, and did not, in fact, reach its lowest point before 1640 or 1650. It was not till this last period, that the depreciation of silver was able to counteract the effects of the too great rise in the mint price of gold, effected by the two operations of James, and by another reduction which he very injudiciously made when silver was most quickly disappearing. After this, the market silver price of gold continued to rise, so that Charles II once more reduced the weight of the gold coin; the guinea was issued at 20 shillings value, but it became current at a higher rate, and was allowed to vary with the relative market prices of the two metals. The silver coin, during the rest of the century, suffered extremely from clipping; and at last this evil rose to such a height, that the guinea passed for 30 shillings; all commodities became dear in proportion; and silver bullion was exported to buy gold.

The recoinage was now undertaken at a great expence; and during the interval, the people became more accustomed to gold than to silver coins, which were besides disliked in general on account of their late degradation. Guineas were at the same time prohibited from passing for more than 22 shillings; they soon fell to 21s. 6d.; but this was still higher than the market price of gold bullion, and the new silver



coins were accordingly exported : so that in 1717, when government referred the matter to sir Isaac Newton, he was of opinion that, in a short time, payments in silver would not be made without a premium. In pursuance of this great man's advice, the nominal value of the guinea was reduced to 21s., and it was fixed at this rate as legal tender. Still it was somewhat too high ; he had been perfectly aware that the diminution might be too small, and had only recommended it as the first step, and for the sake of experiment. But since that time no further change has taken place ; the mint silver price of gold has been always kept higher than its market silver price, by about 19-31 *per cent.* ; the good silver coin has of consequence been all melted down or exported ; what remains of it is excessively imperfect ; scarce any silver bullion has been brought to the mint ; and gold has become the chief currency.

It is obvious here to remark the constant inefficacy of all the measures taken by the government, in order to create any sudden or violent change in the state of the circulating medium, and the care with which it was always found necessary to consult the public prejudices. When Henry III first issued gold coins, the people refused to give them currency. A precept was directed to the mayor and sheriffs of London, to enforce their circulation. Soon after, the citizens made representations against the money, and a proclamation appeared, declaring that nobody was obliged to take the pieces, and that the holders should receive the full value from the treasury, deducting the charges of coinage.

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coins, refused them ; and they were ordered only to pass in large payments. The prejudice, however, wore away ; and they were then ordered to be taken in all payments.

The effects of the debasement of the silver coin by clipping, during the latter part of the seventeenth century, evinced the same thing. It seems that coins of that sort came then into bad repute ; and this prejudice, assisted by the scarcity of silver during the recoinage, as well as by the increasing wealth of the country, ultimately changed the circulating medium from silver to gold. For the government, after the recoinage, only fixed the *maximum* of 22s. as the price of the guinea, originally estimated at 20s, and it fell to 21s. 6d., which was still so much higher than the market silver price of gold, that the new and good silver soon disappeared ; and thus the groundless prejudice against silver coins kept up the mint price of gold, without any law to alter the natural level.

The violent changes which took place in the monetary system, between the 34th Henry VIII and the 6th Edward VI, consisted in alterations of the standard. By three several debasements, Henry VIII reduced the standard of silver from 11 oz. 2 dwt. and 18 grs. alloy, to 4 oz. and 8 oz. alloy ; and Edward VI brought it down to 3 oz. and 9 oz. alloy ; so that the pound of old standard silver was now coined into 13l. 6s. 4 3-4d. Nor was any regard paid in these changes to the relative values of gold and silver. The proportion in 36th Henry VIII was 6 9-11 to 1 ; in 3d Edward VI it was 5 5-33 to 1 ; and in 5th Edward VI it was only 2 1-3 to 1 : so that enormous profits, sometimes above 350 per cent., were made by melting and exporting the gold coin ; and accordingly it all speedily disappeared.

All commerce was nearly at a stand. The farmers were unwilling to bring provisions to market ; and when they offered them to sale, they did not know what price to set upon them. Merchants and tradesmen



*george-nobles* of 6s. 8d. When the last reduction of the silver took place in Elizabeth's reign, she fixed the rate of gold to silver in coins of the old standard, at 10 56-59 to 1, and in those of the new or crown gold, at 10 61-68 to 1. Since that period, the changes in the gold coin have only been calculated to keep pace with the gradual alterations in the relative real values of the two precious metals. It is remarkable that no such alteration seems to have called for a re-adjustment of the coinage till the beginning of James I's reign, though America had been discovered above a century, and even the richest of the silver mines, those of Potosi, upwards of fifty years; nay Elizabeth, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, valued the gold at a lower rate, in proportion to the silver, than Edward III had done: yet the average silver price of wheat, during the last half of the sixteenth century, was nearly five times its silver price during the first half. We should expect to find the whole gold coin exported, therefore, during this period, in consequence of the mint prices of the two metals being so much nearer each other than their market prices. But though no great exportation of gold seems to have followed, soon after James's accession it was found necessary to raise the mint price of gold; and, by three several operations, that prince brought the proportion between gold and silver to 13 20-59 to 1, in coins of the old standard, and 13 11-34 to 1, in those of the new. After the restoration it was raised still further; and the whole rise, during sixty years from the union of the crowns, was 32 5-6 *per cent.*

But notwithstanding the great depreciation of silver, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century, the silver price of gold seems to have increased with unaccountable slowness. The first reduction in the weight of the gold coin which James I made, was sufficient to create an unprecedented abundance of that currency for se-

veral years; yet it amounted to no more than 10 *per cent.* of rise in the mint price of that metal. This was indeed after some years insufficient; and he afterwards augmented the mint price 10 *per cent.* further, by raising the nominal value. This measure occasioned a rise that was much too great; the silver coin began to disappear, and continued diminishing rapidly for many years, to the great discomfiture of the government, as we find by various proclamations against the manufacture of plate and the exportation of bullion, *in respect of the excesse of forraigne commodities, which is a thing in itselfe intolerable.* Yet the price of silver was all that time continuing to fall, and did not, in fact, reach its lowest point before 1640 or 1650. It was not till this last period, that the depreciation of silver was able to counteract the effects of the too great rise in the mint price of gold, effected by the two operations of James, and by another reduction which he very injudiciously made when silver was most quickly disappearing. After this, the market silver price of gold continued to rise, so that Charles II once more reduced the weight of the gold coin; the guinea was issued at 20 shillings value, but it became current at a higher rate, and was allowed to vary with the relative market prices of the two metals. The silver coin, during the rest of the century, suffered extremely from clipping; and at last this evil rose to such a height, that the guinea passed for 30 shillings; all commodities became dear in proportion; and silver bullion was exported to buy gold.

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also greatly increased the price of every article which they had to sell. The government tried every method to keep up the value of the debased coins then in circulation; and proclamations were issued for that purpose, which were not obeyed. To enforce obedience, parliament passed a law, for inflicting penalties on those who should exchange any coined gold or coined silver at a greater value than the same was, or should be, declared by his majesty's proclamation to be current for, within his dominions. Other proclamations were issued, for obliging persons, under severe penalties, to bring their corn and provisions to market, and for setting prices on all the necessary articles of consumption. The parliament passed laws for regulating the manner of buying and selling all sorts of beasts and cattle, as well as butter and cheese; and for limiting the prices at which all sorts of wine should be sold. There was an act also subjecting fuel to an assize, which, in order to exclude from this trade such as were disposed to monopolize, forbade any person to buy fuel, except such as burn it, or retail the same. The law against regraters, forestallers, and engrossers, which has some time since been repealed, was passed on that occasion, and owed its origin to the obstructions to which every species of internal traffic was at that time exposed. The farmers were disposed to export to foreign countries many of the necessities of life, rather than bring them to the country markets to be sold for the base coin; and on this account the exportation of these articles was prohibited.

For these complicated evils, a reform of the coin was the only remedy; and it was undertaken at the end of Edward's reign, on very judicious principles, and to the fullest extent. He left this salutary change nearly completed; and Elizabeth, by putting the last hand to so great a work, obtained, as often happens in such cases, the glory of the whole enterprize. If, however, she finish-

ed the reform of her brother, she departed from some of its wisest principles; and, after restoring the standard of fineness, she reduced the weight of the currency by several operations, and was only deterred from still greater changes, by the councils of Burleigh. The issue of base coin in Ireland, during Tyrone's rebellion, is scarcely to be paralleled in the history of public frauds, and leaves us in doubt whether most to admire its violence, its impolicy, or its signal failure. If we except the extravagant imitation by James II, it stands unmatched in the annals of the coinage\*.

Not content with levying a sum sufficient to defray the expences of the coinage, or, as it was anciently termed, a *brassage*, all governments have wished to increase this income, and, under the name of seignorage, to render it an ordinary branch of revenue. From raising a small regulated sum in this way, they have proceeded to extort large and sudden supplies, by fraudulently adulterating the coin, or openly and compulsorily raising its nominal value. But the false theories which frequently assisted its operations, give rise to much controversy in the eighteenth century. Mr. Locke's two masterly treatises on money, were called forth by the prevalence of such gross errors among statesmen of a higher order. So late as 1740, the same doctrines were broached, and gave rise to the second part of Mr. Harris's able work upon coins. That part is wholly occupied with an examination of the evils resulting from alterations in the established standard of money. But, notwithstanding the long pre-

\* The inefficacy of the plan was remarkable. The Irish were ready for every species of submission after the defeat of the insurrection; but the base coin was universally rejected, and would not pass, even at its real value. James II, after the revolution in England, forced a copper and pewter coinage on the Irish, at the rate of above 660 times its intrinsic value.



valence of such opinions, and the various unjustifiable measures they have dictated, no nation has erred so little in these matters as the English. The present pound sterling is somewhat more than one third its original value; the florin, the money of account in most parts of Germany, has suffered less than that of any other foreign state; yet it is now six times less than it originally was. Scotland, before the union, had debased its pound to a thirty-sixth part; the French livre has been reduced to a seventy-fourth of its original value; the Spanish maravedi to less than the thousandth; and the Portuguese *re* has suffered still more. The superiority of England, in this respect, can only be ascribed to her early commercial prosperity, and her ancient liberty.

*To be continued.*

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

THE following is the latest news of this kind from London:

The British Gallery in Pall Mall, London, was open to the inspection of the public on the 17th of February. The regulations appear to be judicious; the conduct of the subscribers has been liberal and impartial, and the artists in general seem to have exerted whatever power they possessed to render their productions worthy of the public attention. So far, it is well calculated to answer the purposes for which it is instituted—the promotion of the fine arts in Great Britain.

That the arts want protection and encouragement in England is a serious truth; but associations of artists, for the purpose of forwarding a joint interest, have usually terminated in disgraceful dissensions. Whatever may have been the cause, even the Royal Academy has *not quite* fulfilled the very sanguine

hopes that were formed of it at its commencement, when sir Joshua Reynolds, in his first lecture, on the 2d of January, 1769, detailed the admirable effects which might be expected from an academy, in which the polite arts might be regularly cultivated, being at last opened by royal munificence. The principal advantage of an academy, says he, is that, besides furnishing able men to direct the student, it will be a repository for the great examples of the art. These are the materials on which Genius is to work, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed.

This remark was made in the year 1769, by a man who, besides his professional merit, composed the best rules for directing the studies and regulating the taste of young artists, in a language that classed him among the most elegant of English writers. His fifteenth, and last, discourse he read on the 10th of December, 1790, and died about twelve or fourteen months afterwards.

Had his expectations been realized, it might be supposed that many men, able to direct the student, would have become candidates for the vacant chair. Mr. West succeeded without opposition; and however distinguished his talents as a painter, his warmest admirers did not expect him to compose such lectures as sir Joshua Reynolds. He filled the station very respectably, till 1806, when, for causes that he hints at in his letter, and which are not much in favour of the temper, candour, or unanimity, of the royal academicians, he resigned.

Here was another opportunity for some great painter that the advantages of a royal academy must in the course of near forty years have matured, to have offered himself as a candidate. No such appeared, and Mr. Wyatt, *an architect*, was made president. If, therefore, we may estimate the progressive advancement of the art of *painting* in the Royal Academy by the abilities of their president, the ladder seems to be a

downward one, whose steps were sir Joshua Reynolds, the first ; Mr. West, the second ; and Mr. Wyatt, the third.

In the British Gallery are exhibited 257 articles ; some of which have previously been seen at the Royal Academy. There are many new pictures of very great merit ; and it is, on the whole, a most respectable collection, and highly honourable to the artists who have furnished it.

By Mr. West, late president of the Royal Academy, there are 15, and some of them in his best manner. Sir William Beechey, 3 ; Thomas Daniell, 3 ; H. Fuseli, 3 ; R. Freebairn, 7 ; G. Garriard, 2 ; T. Lawrence, 2 ; J. Opie, 6 ; W. Owen, 3 ; R. Smirk, 24, from the Arabian Nights ; T. Stothard, 1 ; J. Northcote, 3 ; A. Callcot, 1 ; J. Turner, 2 ; I. Copley, 4 ; R. Westall, 10 ; James Ward, 4 ; Paul Sandby, 4 ; by the late J. Hamilton Mortimer, though last mentioned, yet in many respects first in professional abilities, there are 4.

Through all the scenes his rapid stroke  
bestow'd,

Rosa's wild grace, and daring spirit  
glow'd ;

In him—ah ! lost, ere half his powers  
were shown,

Britain perhaps an Angelo had known.

The landscape of one of these pictures, *The Death of Orpheus*, was painted by Mr. Thomas Jones, who was a pupil of Mr. Wilson's, and for some years studied in Italy. The figures, by Mortimer, admirably assimilate with the landscape, and are drawn with great correctness and spirit.

*The Meeting of Vortigern and Rowena* was part of a series of pictures which he intended to have painted from the English history, if death had not deprived the world of his abilities. It is elegantly conceived, and most exquisitely finished.

*The Battle of Agincourt* was intended for the same series, and has been engraved. The general objection to pictures of battles has been

that they are all alike. To this censure the Battle of Agincourt is not liable. The figures, particularly that of David Gam, are characteristic ; the monarch is indeed the English Alexander.

In *Sir Artegall, the Knight of Justice, and Talus, his Yron Man*, from Spenser, this admirable artist displayed great and peculiar powers. The whole is conceived with propriety, and painted with great force and brilliancy. The extremities are not only correct, but characteristic. The figure of sir Artegall was originally a striking resemblance of himself ; as this was not intentional, to take away this idea of an individual portrait, he made same alterations in the face. This one picture would completely refute an invidious character of the artist recently introduced in the supplement to the last edition of Pileington's Dictionary of Painters.

Thirteen were sold the first week the exhibition opened. The rooms are elegantly fitted up, but the walls are covered with a paper of the brightest and most vivid scarlet, which fatigues and distresses the eye. It has also a bad effect on many of the pictures, as it overpowers the brightest reds, and will, we are apprehensive, have this bad consequence : if the artists raise the tone of their colouring to bear up against the glare of the walls, they can only look well in that place. In any sober coloured room they will appear to be overcharged and extravagant.

The Boydells have published the supplementary number to their splendid edition of Shakespeare ; and it contains *two admirable full length portraits of their majesties, from the pictures painted by sir Wm. Beechey, and in his majesty's collection.* The king is engraved by Thomas Ryder, and Thomas Ryder, jun., and the queen by Benjamin Smith.

Of the prints to this magnificent and national work, fame has often spoken ; suffice it to say, that these are worthy of the preceding numbers. One from Westall is a very

pleasing single figure of Imogen, in boy's clothes, as she is entering the cave; the very interesting moment is thus beautifully described by the poet of nature. Imogen. "No answer; then I'll enter. Best draw my sword, and if my enemy but fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't." Enters the cave.

Gilray, who has been denominated the Hogarth of his day, continues to seize upon the passing occurrences, and contrives to place them in a very ludicrous point of view. He has recently engraved what he entitles *Tiddy Doll, the great French gingerbread-baker, drawing out a fresh batch of kings*.

The notified Tiddy Doll was delineated in the set of London cries, introduced into one of Hogarth's prints, and by persons still living is sometimes mentioned as having delighted them in their boyish days by his tremendous feather, and bawling boast that his most delectable cakes "melted in the mouth like butter, and ran down the throat like a wheel-barrow," seemed to have attained as much celebrity as his situation and abilities entitled him to. Little was it to be expected that he should, in the year 1806, become the prototype of the still more notified *Napoleon Bonaparte!* Such however is the case, and that blazing meteor of his hour, is here most happily introduced drawing a fresh batch of his double-gilt mock-monarchs out of his family oven.

Mr. Carr, who has already favoured the world with his *Stranger in France*, and his *Travels round the Baltic*, has lately made the tour of Ireland, and is now preparing an account of that almost unknown country, which he intends to publish under the title of *The Stranger in Ireland*. It will be embellished with a variety of engravings by Medland, from drawings by Mr. Carr.

Miss Owenson, a native and resident of the north of Ireland, and authoress of the novel of the *Novice of St. Dominic*, is engaged on another work relative to the domestic

state of the yeomanry and peasantry of Ireland, a subject which she intends to illustrate in a pastoral tale, to be called *The Wild Irish Girl*.

Mr. Hayley, with that active philanthropy which marks every action of his life, has addressed the following circular letter to the persons who have honoured the intention of raising a public monument to Cowper by entering their names on the list of subscribers:

"Gratitude and integrity seem to require from me, at this time, an address to the favourers of a plan, which I proposed to the public, as a tribute due to a departed object of national esteem and affection. To publish a Milton in three quarto volumes (including all the manuscripts of Cowper relating to Milton,) at the price of six guineas, was a proposal, that, with extensive encouragement, might have gratified the wishes of Cowper's ardent admirers, and, in rendering a signal and just honour to him, might also have honoured the taste of an enlightened and a liberal nation.

"Though the signature of several most respectable names seemed to afford an honourable sanction to my first idea of a public monument for my literary friend, yet I am now disposed to relinquish that idea; and I zealously solicit, not only those who have befriended it, but the public at large, to co-operate with me in a new, and different, mark of regard to the memory of the poet, on a plan, which I hasten to explain, and to recommend to their favour.

"Since the publication of my first proposal, a favourite godson and namesake of Cowper has had the misfortune to become an orphan at an early age. It has occurred to me, that I may improve the tribute of general respect to the memory of the poet, by converting his manuscripts, relating to Milton, not into marble, but into a little fund, to assist the education and future establishment of this interesting orphan. I am confident that no tribute of respect to Cowper's memory could be more truly acceptable to



his pure and beneficent mind than what I now propose; and I feel a pleasure in believing, that I may gratify many of his admirers by affording them an opportunity of purchasing the posthumous poetry of my friend, and of indulging, at the same time, their feelings of tenderness and benevolence towards an orphan particularly endeared to the departed poet.

"It is therefore my present intention to print, not a Milton in three volumes, but the Latin and Italian poems of Milton translated by Cowper (with all that remains of his projected Dissertations on Paradise Lost) in one handsome quarto, at the price of two guineas.

"I cherish a sanguine hope, that the liberality of the public, and a general wish to testify affectionate respect to Cowper's memory, in a manner, that will appear, I trust, peculiarly suited to the tenderness and the beneficence of his character, may render such a subscription as I have now proposed, in some degree adequate to the desirable object in view.

"To those, who have honoured me with their names for higher sums on my former plan, it is my duty to say, that the persons who have paid their money to the respective booksellers mentioned in the first proposal, are at liberty to resume the whole, or what portion of it they think proper.

"If, on the contrary, they generously devote the whole sum (subscribed towards a monument for Cowper) to the orphan god-child of the poet, I think it right to assure them, that, whatever may be raised by the present application to their liberality, will be vested in two trustees, Samuel Smith, and John Sargent, Esqrs., members of parliament, for the benefit of the orphan, whom I have mentioned.

*Feb. 4, 1806.*

W. HAYLEY.

*Felpham, near Chichester.*

An important work of Travels in India, through the countries of Mysore, Cannara, and Malabar is an-

nounced by Dr. Buchanan, of the Bengal medical establishment. It is to appear under the patronage of the court of directors, and will form three quartos.

Walter Scott, author of the poem of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, is preparing an edition of the long neglected works of John Dryden.

A variety of lives of lord Nelson have been announced, from the price of sixpence to one hundred guineas. The three most considerable are, that by Messrs. Arthur and Clarke, and that under the patronage of the new earl, and another from the house of Mr. Bowyer, of Pall Mall.

Mr. R. Wright, of Wisbeach, author of several theological tracts, is about to publish an apology for Dr. Michael Servetus; including an account of his life, persecution, writings, and opinions, with a view of promoting the true spirit of christianity.

Mr. Vanmildert is printing his sermons at Boyle's lecture, which will appear in a few weeks.

Dr. Henderson is preparing for the press a translation, with notes, of M. Cabanis's works, entitled, "*Coup d'œil sur les Révolutions et sur la Réforme de la Médecine.*"

Mr. Mounsey, of Baliol college, Oxford, is editing *The Proverbs of Ali*, with a Latin translation, and notes by Cornelius Van Waener. This work is printing at the Clarendon press, in one volume, quarto.

Mr. J. H. Prince, an enterprising London bookseller, announces an account of his life, pedestrian excursions, and singular opinions.

Florian-Jolly has examined, with considerable attention, what are called fairy-rings in meadows and other grass lands, and he thinks they may be accounted for from the dung of horses, fed on hay of a peculiar quality.

Mr. George Smart, who lately received from the Society of Arts, &c. the gold medal for his invention of an apparatus for sweeping chimneys without the aid of boys, has lately given to the public a description of an improved lathe, by means

of which tent-poles, and things of a similar kind, after they are sawn into an octagonal figure, are with great dispatch turned into smooth and straight cylinders. He says, that by this machine a pole of yellow deal, five feet and a half long, and two inches in diameter, can be turned from an octagonal prism to a perfect cylinder in half a minute, and an ash-pole, of the same size, in one minute. Two men to turn the wheel, and one to work the tools, will turn six hundred deal-poles in twelve hours.

A summary of Mr. Brande's experiments on gualacum was read to the Royal Society of London, at one of its meetings in January; from which it appears, that in 100 grains of that substance there were  $22\frac{1}{4}$  of water and oil; of empyreumatic oil, about 30; carbon, 30; lime, 9; carbonated hydrogen gas, about 8. On the same, and on a subsequent evening, was read a letter from F. A. Knight, Esq. to the president, on the descent of the roots, and the elongation of the germs of plants. In this the author has endeavoured to determine whether the descent of the roots of plants was the effect of an inherent principle, or the consequence of mechanical gravitation; and he determines that gravitation is the sole cause of the descent of roots, and ascent of germs; and that both diverge in all directions, when under the influence of equal pressure.

Mr. Hatchett has laid before the Royal Society a third communication on artificial tanning. He finds that all gums, resins, and balsams yield this substance on being treated with nitric acid. They all yield at one operation a certain quantity of this matter; but if the process be continued too long, the product is destroyed.

A spear-head, found at Gringley Carrs Common, Nottingham, has been exhibited before the Society of Antiquaries. It is said to be of Roman origin, and to have been made of Corinthian brass. Mr. Lysons, on the same evening, fur-

nished some facts respecting the origin and history of sugar. From these it appears that the ancients had nothing but honey; and that, till about the year 620 of the present æra, sugar-cane was wholly unknown. The discovery is ascribed to a Venetian, who called it honey-cane. It is only about two hundred years since refined sugar was introduced into Europe from China, by the Portuguese and English. Dr. Garthshore has exhibited before this learned body a letter from Mary de Medicis, queen of France, to her daughter Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. According to the custom of those times, it was sealed with two seals, united by a narrow tape or ribbon.

Mr. Nicholson has invented a secret lock of more than six thousand combinations. It possesses the following requisites: 1. That certain parts of the lock are variable in position through a great number of combinations, only one of which will allow the lock to be opened or shut. 2. This last combination is variable at the pleasure of the possessor. 3. It is not possible, after the lock is closed, and the combination disturbed, for any one, not even the maker himself, to discover by any examination what may be the proper situation of the parts required to open it. 4. Trials of this nature will not injure the work. 5. It requires no key; and, 6. It is as easily opened in the dark as in the light. This lock consists of four wheels, and by adding a fifth, the combinations would be increased to nearly sixty thousand.

Mr. Harrup has made some experiments which seem to prove that the smut in wheat exists in the seeds, and is greatly remedied by being steeped in lime previously to its being sowed.

From experiments made by Vauquelin on gum Arabic and gum Adracanth, it should seem that they contain 1. A calcareous salt, most frequently, acetate of lime; 2. Sometimes a malate of lime; 3. Phosphate of lime; and, 4. Iron,



which is probably united also with phosphoric acid.

The Galvanic Society at Paris have attempted, but without success, to follow M. Pacchiani in the decomposition of the muriatic acid. After a series of accurate experiments, they declared it as their opinion, that the professor was deceived as to the nature of the acid which it was announced that he obtained, and that it was probably produced by some animal or vegetable substance employed in the apparatus : they add also that they do not think it possible to effect any thing by the action of the Galvanic pile, but a decomposition of the water used in the experiment.

Curaudeau has given two methods for purifying oil : the first is, "To one hundred parts of rape-oil one part of sulphuric acid is to be added, diluted with six times its weight of water ; the mixture should be strongly agitated, and as soon as this is completely finished, it is left till the oil becomes clear, and when it is perfectly clear the purification is effected." The action of the sulphuric acid in this process consists in depriving the oil of all its humidity, though it is itself mixed with water, and in separating from it a substance, the presence of which diminishes the energy of the combustion of the oil, covers the wick with charcoal, and produces much smoke ; on the abstraction of these principles, which are foreign to the oil, depends its quality of giving a good light. The second method is, "To one hundred parts of rape-seed oil ten parts of water are to be put, to which has been added one part of wheaten flour ; the mixture is to be well agitated, and then to be heated until all the water has been evaporated, or till the oil has ceased to have any union with the substances which it held in suspension." M. Curaudeau was led to this experiment from what is observable in the sauce called *melted butter*, which, when too much boiled, is separated into the thick part that occupies the bottom of the vessel,

while the other part is clear and floats above. The lower substance is the caseous part of the butter united with the flour that has been added, and which the action of the fire has separated from the oil. The upper substance is the butter deprived of all foreign matter, and is, in fact, purified butter.

The following results have been given from experiments made on the torpedo by Humboldt and Gay Lussac : 1. Though the strength of the torpedo is far inferior to that of the gymnotus, it is equally capable of causing painful sensations. 2. The gymnotus gives the most violent shocks, without any exterior movement of the eyes, the head, or the fins ; but the torpedo suffered a convulsive movement of the pectoral fins each time it gave a shock. 3. The powers of these fish cannot be excited at pleasure ; they must be irritated before they will give a shock ; of course the action depends on the will of the animal. 4. The shock is felt as well on touching with one finger a single surface of the electric organs, as on applying the two hands to the two surfaces at once. 5. When an insulated person touches the torpedo with a single finger, the contact must be immediate, as no shock will be felt if a conducting body, of metal for example, be interposed between the finger and the organ of the fish ; but if both hands are used, one touching the fish, and the other the metal, a severe shock will be felt. 6. The most sensible electrometer manifests no electrical tension in the organs of the torpedo, in whatever way it is applied. The least injury on the brain of the torpedo destroys its electric powers.

The Norwegian Society of Sciences at Copenhagen, as the universal legatee of the late counsellor Hammer, inherits a valuable collection of books, manuscripts, subjects in natural history, and a sum of about 20,000 crowns. One-third of the interest of this capital is to be employed in augmenting the collection, and the other two-thirds are to be



expended in the encouragement of natural history in Norway.

The inhabitants of Alsti have raised a subscription for defraying the expence of a monument to the memory of Alfieri, surnamed the Italian Sophocles. Its execution is committed to Comolli, the sculptor, professor at the university of Turin, who is daily giving fresh proofs of his talents in an art which he cultivates with equal order and success.

The learned abbe Marini is engaged in the publication of a work on all the manuscripts written on papyrus. Of these there are a great number at Rome and Bologna, and he introduces all that are known to exist. Most of them have never been published, and, though the articles themselves are principally contracts, public documents, &c., and of the latter ages, this collection will nevertheless prove interesting to the study of antiquities, of history, of the knowledge of manners in general, of language, and of diplomacy in particular.

An institution for the deaf and dumb, which has been established within these few years, and deserves the particular attention of enlightened men, exists at Kiel, in Holstein. It is under the direction of M. Pfingsten, a man of the most simple character, who was originally a drummer to a regiment. All his attainments are consequently owing to his own exertions. He invented, without any aid, his system of instruction for the deaf and dumb, which differs essentially from those of M. de l'Epee and M. Sicard, of which he had never heard. The prince royal of Denmark, during his late visit at Kiel, paid a visit, with a numerous retinue, to the institution of M. Pfingsten. The German journals state that his pupils understand from the mere motion of the lips all that is said to them, and reply in writing or verbally. They add, that M. Pfingsten has likewise invented a telegraph, at which they may be employed with advantage to the state.

The collection of antiqués belonging to the king of Prussia, is much more numerous and important than is generally imagined. The number of statues is at least one hundred and fifty. It contains more than three hundred busts, bas-reliefs, &c. and more than fifty small figures in bronze, which deserve particular notice. Among these monuments, many possess the highest merit, and would adorn the largest and most celebrated collections. As they are at present arranged, they are not seen to advantage, nor does the collection appear numerous. If they were placed in one capacious gallery, they would ensure the admiration even of those who have seen the grand museums of the southern regions of Europe. The lively interest which the king of Prussia takes in all establishments eminently useful to the sciences and the arts, encourages a hope that he will still enrich the capital of his dominions with an extensive general museum, capable of comprising the numerous treasures of art belonging to his house. Berlin, which already possesses so many means of instruction, so many institutions which contribute to the improvement of the arts and sciences, would be an infinite gainer by the foundation of such a museum.

The annual exhibition of works of art, at Zurich, took place last year in the month of May. The bust of Lavater, executed in white marble by M. Danneger of Stutgard, was admired by all the connoisseurs, and was considered by them as the master-piece of the whole exhibition. This bust, somewhat larger than life, represents Lavater in his ordinary dress and with a modern mantle, intended for the monument which the countrymen of Lavater are about to erect to his memory.

Dr. Struve, a skilful physician of Gorlitz, has invented a machine, the object of which is to apply galvanism to the purpose of distinguishing real from apparent death.

Mr. William Haas, of Basil, a skilful engraver of characters, pro-

poses to publish an edition of the Old Testament in the Hebrew language, with characters which he has recently engraved. From a specimen of this edition, it appears that he has completely succeeded in giving a distinct form to such letters as have some resemblance, and in giving to the general appearance a typographic harmony pleasing to the eye. For the text he will follow the justly-esteemed edition of Vander Hoogt, published at Amsterdam, in 1705. Mr. Haas has already printed in Hebrew, for the use of the Jewish worship, different works, the execution of which has procured him the commendations of those most conversant with the oriental languages.

The celebrated Dr. Gall was forbidden, at Dresden, to receive any females among the subscribers to his lectures. He still continues his peregrinations with a view to establish his new doctrines. From Dresden he proceeded to Torgau, where he visited, with his usual success, the hospital and the house of correction. From Torgau he repaired to

Halle, and thence to Jena, where he had among his auditors the duchess Anna Amelia, of Saxe Weimar, who was accompanied by the venerable Wieland.

M. Klaproth, a short time before his death, discovered that the solution of the metallic oxydes in alkalies are as easily precipitated in their metallic state, by the other metals soluble in the same alkalies, as the acid solutions of these metals are by phosphorus. He has made a very ingenious application of this process to the analysis of tin ores. In the operation, tungstein is separated from tungstate of ammonia, by the addition of zinc, in the form of black flakes.

The institution for the deaf and dumb at Leipsick, is gradually becoming a most useful establishment. It contains upwards of twenty pupils, who have all learned to speak distinctly, and the most forward of whom comprehend what is said to them by the motion of the lips. They are instructed in religious knowledge, reading, writing, accounts, &c.

## POETRY.

### *For the Literary Magazine.*

#### TO NOVELTY.

FOR thee, in infancy, we sigh,  
And hourly cast an anxious eye  
Beyond the prison-house of home;  
Till, from domestic tyrants free,  
O'er the wide world, in search of thee,  
Fair Novelty! we roam.

Full on thy track, by dawn of day,  
The stripling starts, and scours away,  
While Hope her active wing supplies,  
And softly whispers in the gale,  
At every turning of the vale,  
"Enjoyment onward lies."

Nor far remote—athwart the trees,  
The landscape opens by degrees,  
And yields sweet glimpses of delight;

Beyond the trees the views expand,  
And all the scenes of fairy land  
Come swelling on the sight.

'Tis here, where wild profusion flows,  
On ev'ry shrub there hangs a rose,  
And mellow fruit on ev'ry spray;  
Here Pleasure holds her bounteous reign,  
And here the wand'rer might remain,  
Could Pleasure bribe his stay.

But still the love of thee prevails;  
He quits the port, and spreads his sails,  
Careless if Ocean frown or smile,  
So Fate shall give him to explore  
The vast expanse, th' untrodden shore,  
And undiscover'd isle.

Tir'd with the stillness of the deep,  
While yet he chides the winds that sleep,  
The clouds collect, the lightnings play,

And the torn vessel drives, at last,  
A wreck, abandon'd to the blast,  
And found'ring on her way.

Again the vext horizon clears,  
The hills emerge, the coast appears;  
He and his mates their mirth renew;  
They man their boats, their oars they  
hand,  
And soon the hospitable strand  
Receives the jolly crew.

What in th' interior parts befell,  
In after times we hear them tell,  
When they at last their limbs recline;  
The tongue, well pleas'd, its office plies,  
And, all the while, their brimful eyes  
With dews of transport shine.

While thus, with pleasing warmth, they  
boast  
Their gay excursions on the coast,  
Where all seem'd brilliant, all divine,  
The fond adventurers little know  
It was thy pencil gave the glow,  
The vivid charm was thine.

Ah me! beyond thy short-liv'd reign,  
And does there nought of love remain?  
Can nought the sluggish heart engage?  
Shall ev'ry joy with thee decay,  
And Heaven afford no parting ray  
To gild the hours of age?

Heav'n still is kind. When thou art fled,  
Comes gentle Habit in thy stead,  
With silent pace; nor comes in vain;  
For, growing with declining years,  
The good man's comforts she endears,  
And softens ev'ry pain.

Where she, sweet sober maid, abides,  
Contentment at the board presides;  
No vagrant wish her votary stings;  
In his own grounds he loves to tread,  
Nor envies, on his household bed,  
The couch of eastern kings.

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*For the Literary Magazine.*

THE RURAL COT.

*A Wish.*

FAIN would I sing, in lofty strains,  
Of rural shades and rural plains;  
For still my heart bounds at the sight  
Of scenes so pregnant with delight.

But since no happy art is mine,  
All vain pretensions I resign;  
And simple, lowly numbers chuse,  
As weakling bards are known to use,  
Adapted to my humble theme,  
For of no golden fruit I dream;  
But from the world retir'd would be,  
The world that has no charm for me.  
Content and happy with my lot,  
Did I but own a rural cot  
On Del'ware's green enamel'd side,  
Where I might watch the varying tide;  
For, when it flow'd, 'twould seem to say,  
Thy homage to thy Maker pay;  
And, when it downward roll'd as fast,  
So soon is man's frail warfare past.  
My native scenes enclos'd among,  
Where oft I've stray'd, and loiter'd long,  
Charm'd with the music of the shade,  
And of the green corn's rustling blade;  
There would I raise my humble frame,  
Nor e'er aspire to wealth or fame;  
Rich, if the Power who plac'd me there  
Bestow'd a little mite to spare.  
A stranger to ambition still,  
Sure precedent of future ill,  
Pride should not near my cottage grow,  
'Twas pride drove Lucifer below;  
And what have we, poor worms of earth,  
To give so weak a passion birth?  
Nor does it ever entrance find,  
But in a weak or paltry mind;  
The lesson Wisdom doth impart  
Is sweet humility of heart.  
Nor yet should hated Envy dare  
Expose her sallow features there;  
Her breath would poison, canker all,  
And turn my sweetest cup to gall.  
Far other inmates would I chuse,  
Such as would grace and not abuse;  
Such as would act a friendly part,  
"Improve the mind, and mend the  
heart."

My cot should stand on rising ground,  
In view the rural landscape round;  
For rural nature charms the sight,  
Impresses on the mind delight;  
Numa enraptur'd with her grew,  
And bade the world for her adieu;  
The soft enchantress of the grove,  
Knows still to bind with cords of love;  
With her I'd oft delighted stray,  
And at her shrine my devoirs pay;  
And humbly woo the tuneful nine,  
To hail her goddess all divine.  
Should haughty Splendour pass the spot,  
And honour with a stare my cot,  
The tinsel'd trappings of her train  
Should on my heart inflict no pain;  
Her empty airs, her vain parade,  
Would make me more adore the shade.



But near my door should Merit pass,  
 I'd strew with flowers the verdant grass,  
 And bend the then submissive knee,  
 Proud if it deign'd to notice me;  
 No matter what the garb it wore,  
 Of rags, or velvet tissued o'er.  
 There would I live, there end my days,  
 And morn and eve my Maker praise;  
 So would he bless me through the day,  
 Nor let the wayward passions stray.  
 Of friends I would possess a few,  
 Yet friendship's found but seldom true,  
 And so the man's most wise, no doubt,  
 Who passes through the world without;  
 But still my cot would prove, I own,  
 Most gloomy if I dwelt alone;  
 So would I pray the kinder pow'rs,  
 To grant a charm for lonely hours:  
 A fair, of graceful form and mein,  
 Nor yet too young, nor in her wane;  
 I would not ask a beauteous face,  
 Enough the features wore a grace;  
 If sweet expression triumph'd there,  
 I should account her heav'nly fair;  
 And that she might my cottage bless,  
 A temper sweet she must possess.  
 To make her conquest more complete,  
 Abroad, at home, be always neat;

A slattern dress alone would prove  
 A very antidote to love.  
 The colour that her Hubert thought  
 Became her most, should still be bought,  
 And worn with dignity and ease,  
 Without a vain desire to please.  
 Of gen'rous undisguised heart,  
 Nor known to levity, nor art;  
 Nor should vile affectation be  
 Attach'd to the woman dear to me;  
 For where the nauseous weed is seen,  
 The parent soil is poor and mean.  
 To hide the faults of others prone,  
 Severe unto her own alone;  
 Some even she would share, no doubt,  
 As none below are found without.  
 But, most of all, she must possess  
 A charm which would my cottage bless,  
 A treasure I would value more  
 Than e'er a gem that monarch wore,  
 A firm and independent mind,  
 That in itself could solace find.  
 A mine of treasure then she'd be,  
 A blessing to herself and me:  
 Should such a fair fall to my lot,  
 I'd haste and raise my rural cot,

HUBERT, *occ.*